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ENGLISH REVIEW

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NEW EXTRACTS FROM SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTEBOOKS
(CONTINUED)

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Edited by Herbert Agar

Reviews by:—H. A. L. FISHER; ERIC PARTRIDGE; J. D. GREGORY, ETC.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY 1932

Current Comments

Disarmament.

THE NEW STATESMAN has discovered that the difficulties of the Disarmament Conference are due to the intrigues of shareholders in armament firms ! The cause of the delays at Geneva is, on the other hand, the incurable shiftiness and sloppiness of those who advocate disarmament. The chief supporters of disarmament are (*a*) the United States, (*b*) Germany, and (*c*) the pacifists among the victorious Powers in the late war.

The United States has trebled her naval and military strength since 1914 and still shows not the least inclination to revert to her 1914 expenditure except on the basis of her 1931 parity—in which event this country, Japan, France, and Italy would be left without a navy.

Germany approaches the problem from the opposite point of view. She wants parity with France, not in order to attack France, but in order to exact the rectification of her Eastern frontier.

The pacifists in this country and France want disarmament for a third reason—because they wish to change the present world order, based on nationalism, for one based, not on super-nationalism, but on internationalism, and because the cosmopolitan lawyers and politicians who control the League machinery lack the ability to impose their wishes on national states, so long as they are armed.

Mr. Hoover's Scheme.

SO long as one group wishes for disarmament to preserve the 1931 balance of power, another to reverse it, and a third to create a new world order distasteful to the other two, conferences are, to say the least, unlikely

to succeed. This inherent difficulty will invalidate Mr. Hoover's new proposals, precisely as it has invalidated every other scheme. It will either be accepted because a meaningless interpretation has been devised, or rejected because it means something which France wants and Germany does not, or *vice versa*, or because it means something advantageous to America and disadvantageous to Europe. In any case, the formulæ are at present so vague that a general assent as given by Italy is the merest diplomatic gesture. If, however, Mr. Hoover's initiative leads to the demilitarization of the air and to a definite international guarantee of reprisals on any Power using the aeroplane as an offensive weapon, it will have done great good.

The Birth Rate.

THE latest statistics issued by the Registrar-General show the lowest birth rate on record. The wise men who talk about social problems would do well to study the decline in our birth rate from 28·7 in 1900 to 22·1 per thousand in 1922 and to 15·3 per thousand to-day. Mr. G. K. Chesterton once wrote an eloquent poem to the refrain "We are the People of England who never have spoken yet." To-day that poem is out of date. The people of England have passed on the new Utopia, constructed out of the eloquent perorations of so many ardent politicians, a merciless and explicit judgment—statistically the bitterest and most outspoken judgment ever recorded in history, because history affords no parallel to the decline in the birth rate in this country since 1918. As recently as 1924 statisticians estimated that our population would rise to 49,000,000 in 1970 and remain stationary at that figure. To-day they estimate that it will fall to 40,000,000, and lower still if present tendencies continue. That this sudden change is the direct result of the wicked and futile orgy of world-wide extravagance since the war is to-day hardly in dispute. We have created a world in which the thrifty

cannot save, in which capital cannot earn interest, in which employers cannot employ and workmen cannot work. The inevitable result of a continuance of these conditions would be an economic and political catastrophe of the first order.

How to Arrest the Decline.

HAPPILY we have not gone so far that the decline cannot be arrested. We have a free will. We can restore our agriculture, and put for certain and within fifteen years half a million people back on the land and as many again in ancillary employments. We can also reverse the legislative programme which prevents at the same time the accumulation of capital, the expansion of industry and the employment of our people. Necessary though it is to settle also the problem of debts and reparations, these other things are more urgent and more practical. The debts-reparations tangle has done much to aggravate the world situation, but it is folly to pretend that it is, for instance, responsible for the condition of British agriculture, the rate of British governmental expenditure, the decline of our basic industries, and the piling up of post-war debt. In any case, there will be no more substantial payments made by any nation to another on these different accounts, and whether the settlement reached be called a settlement or ten years' moratorium or what not, the problem of restoring our energies, our industries, and our agriculture will remain.

A Plea for a Moratorium on New Eras.

IT is, indeed, hard to be patient with those who see in the next international conference the dawn of a new era, but who never lift a finger, or even a pen, towards righting what can be righted here and now by our own action. The question for this country is whether we can restore our industry and our agriculture. Without that, we have to face a steadily declining standard of life, and at least a generation of acute impoverishment. If every

conference now in session or in prospect reached a satisfactory agreement, these twin problems would remain, and if the present Government, or the alternative Government which is beginning to declare itself, is unable to grapple with them, the task will fall to a revolutionary Government. The era of State capitalism inaugurated by Mr. Lloyd George and copied by his imitators here and elsewhere is over. The idea that some magic key can be found to restart the Europe of 1913 and keep it working at sufficient power to meet the commitments and pay for the follies of 1918–1931 is moonshine.

The Truth about Mechanized Industry.

HOW far are we from the day when this fact will be generally realized? We still read of a world flowing with milk and honey, of an abundance of goods needing only purchasers. When will people stop talking nonsense about currency and begin talking sense about goods? It is true that our factories are able to produce and that there are men and women ready to possess more goods. But what do the men and women who would have to produce the goods require before they will do so? They require a roof over their heads, food and drink, leisure and amusements. And the men and women who would like to possess more goods are not willing to offer these things in exchange. We have, indeed, wholly misconceived the possible gain from scientific industry. It cannot give us the same quantity of goods for less money; it can give us more goods for the same money, but only provided other producers are willing to do the same thing in return. In other words, the dividend of mechanized industry can only be taken by the community in the products of industry, not in leisure or in amusements.

The Conditions of Increased Consumption.

YET this is what we are all trying to do. We see that the world's potential production has increased and we at once guarantee a relatively high standard of life

to millions of people—State officials, workers in the distributive trades, pensioners, the sick, the aged, and even the unemployed. In other words, we are trying to get out of our mechanized factories the same quantity of goods *plus* more education, more leisure, more insurance, and more amusement. Unfortunately, that is exactly what mass production does not enable us to do. The wholesale distribution of purchasing power to non-producers of goods, operated by means of a crushing burden on productive industry, sends up the prices even of mass-production commodities to a figure at which they cease to be attractive and become unsaleable. The result is what we see—a glut of raw materials at rubbish prices and no demand for the finished product. People are perfectly entitled to prefer more amenities to more goods, but only so long as they understand that the greater the amenities the lower the standard of life as measured in the consumption of goods. If we wish to live in a land flowing with milk and honey we must work harder to produce the clothes, the food, and the houses for the producers of milk and honey, and take our dividend in cheaper and better milk and honey. If we start at the other end and determine how much leisure we want, how much education we want, and how much pension, and then announce blandly that the balance is all we can afford to pay for our milk and honey, milk and honey will not be produced.

Tariffs and the Crisis.

VOICES are being raised* to tell us again the old story that tariff barriers are the real obstacle to recovery. This is as absurd as to claim that tariffs *per se* are a cure for the world depression. There is one and only one cure for the depression and that is the organization of large self-supporting aggregates of population, linked by commercial treaties and enjoying within these groupings the

* *Tariffs: The Case Examined*, by Sir William Beveridge and others. Popular Edition 1s. net (Longmans).

advantage of the free exchange of necessary commodities. The days of unrestricted competition in the world's export markets are gone for ever. No industrial nation can place her nationals at the mercy of political conditions in distant countries, which she cannot control, of internecine, often subsidized competition, and of organized political boycotts. Free trade has been killed, not by economic, but by political and scientific facts. It is mere folly to talk about it in an age when hostile and arbitrary governments can swamp the market by the exercise of political oppression or appeals to patriotism—in a world where science has so largely negatived climatic advantages that an act of government can create a flourishing industry where it could not exist before—in a world, finally, where the boycott has become a recognized political weapon, enjoying the approval of those great lovers of freedom, Lord Cecil and Professor Gilbert Murray.

The Curse of Internationalism.

FOR these reasons, among others, the world-recovery must wait on a definite reversal of the habit of seeking international co-operation. The stage is too vast; the actors far too small; the time far too short. To say that we must allow foodstuffs, iron, steel and woollen goods to flood our markets in order that Lancashire may export cotton goods to India, which is engaged in a political boycott, to Manchuria, which is threatened with Japanese supervision, or to China, which the refusal of the Powers to act has reduced to anarchy, is to talk a particularly odious kind of folly. Those economists who still cling to free trade ignore the significant fact that the world crisis of unemployment is a crisis in the world's export industries. They write as if the German bourgeois, anxious to exchange a grand piano for half a ton of steel or a bale of cotton goods, was prevented by a wicked combine of tariff-building bureaucrats. The facts are that the steel makers of Yorkshire, of Lens and of the

Ruhr are all unemployed, and the same is true of the textile spinners of Lancashire and of Ghent and of Lyons.

Lord Lymington and British Agriculture.

INSTEAD of writing silly letters to *The Times*, these gentry should read Lord Lymington's new book "Horn, Hoof and Corn," which deals with some of the realities of the political and economic position in this country. It is easy reading, because it is the writing of a man who knows his subject, and who has at the same time the missionary instinct to preach the gospel. It is written with the head, but the inspiration comes from the heart. It is a political tract of importance, for the age of dreams must give place soon to the age of realism, if we are to survive as a great nation.

And this people has every intention of surviving. Any attempt to fob off the problem of national reconstruction by appeals to this or that conference will be treated by the electorate with contempt. If the rest of the world sets to work to put its house in order, so much the better, but we need not and cannot afford to wait for it. We need only the courage of our convictions. Here is a constructive six-point programme.

A Six-Point Programme.

(1) WE should inform the United States that the interdependence of the modern economic structure demands a solvent Europe as a prelude to American recovery and a solvent England as a prelude to European recovery, and that we are therefore forced to declare a ten-years' suspension of all debt payments.

(2) Simultaneously we should grant a ten-year moratorium to our own creditors.

(3) We should announce our withdrawal from all European conferences and conferences for the same period (though we should warmly encourage international

discussion between such institutions, for instance, as the central banks.)

(4) We should formulate a ten-years' programme for British agriculture, designed to make us self-supporting at the end of that period in bacon and dairy produce, and to re-employ 500,000 men in these industries and on the increased production of livestock.

(5) We should transfer all State insurance and pension schemes to a statutory corporation immune from political influence, and stabilize the State contribution at a fixed annual figure to be charged on the Consolidated Fund. The statutory obligation of the corporation would be to distribute the benefits in relation to the actuarial position of the fund and the contributions of the beneficiaries.

(6) We should reflate to the point where our present rate of government expenditure can be met by taxation at a rate not exceeding, in the case of income tax, a basic rate of 3s. in the £1, with other taxation reduced proportionately.

" Faraway," but not so far after all.

I HAVE been spending the week-end reading Mr. Priestley's new novel—" Faraway." The title is, alas ! a misnomer. Any public library would have provided the information. But he has written a clean, straightforward, if exceptionally slight, story. What is more, it is a pleasant story, unlike Mrs. Kean Seymour's " Maids and Mistresses," on which we commented last month. Indeed, unlike that work, " Faraway " errs on the side of *naïveté*. It is a series of first impressions of a successful man—impressions of the poor seen through the eyes of the rich, of fashionable liners, of the Pacific, of Californian women, of cosmopolitan financiers, of film stars and of film magnates. It is an authentic gallery of Kodak snapshots by a talented photographer, taken with real intelligence, indeed, with an uncanny facility for the attractive angle and the judicious degree of exposure. The result is to reveal the character and

talents of its author, if not to add to our knowledge of a complex world. Twenty years hence Mr. Priestley will wonder how he came to write this book, but it is one of those books which had to be written—for the author's sake. His many readers will gladly avail themselves of their author's necessity.

Teaching the World to Sneer.

IF we make one criticism, it is one which Mr. Priestley himself will make some day. It concerns, to take an instance at random, p. 73 :—

> "The meal itself, which began with soup out of a tin and then passed by way of watery turbot and tough beef to a particularly liverish, and therefore ultimately depressing, helping of apple tart and clotted cream, was obviously designed to sink the spirit of man to a very low, damp, dark, Victorian family and commercial level. Then there were no less than six solid men taking dinner, and their talk was mostly in that Clyde accent which dismisses nearly all consonants and might be described as the low swamp in human speech. There was nothing in their talk to restore William's confidence. The hotel did not invite him to stay in it after dinner and read his detective story. He returned to the long Market Street, which was now filled with giggling girls and jostling staring hobbledehoys, all busy with the preliminary tactics of courtship and mating. Feeling rather small, old, and melancholy, William pushed his way through this drab Venusberg, and arrived in front of a picture theatre. At eight-thirty he was admitted into this outpost of American civilization."

Hence we have sneers at bourgeois cooking, sneers at Victorianism, sneers at commercial hotels, sneers at the Clyde, sneers at the provinces, sneers at the love-making of the poor, sneers at the provincial town, sneers at America. Not a bad bag of sneers for twenty lines! It is surely a mistake to take Tennyson's words too literally. We all make stepping-stones out of our dead selves, but they do not all lead upwards.

Ireland.

THE chief interest of the Irish problem is the light it throws on the once popular doctrine that you can

solve all the problems of government by ceasing to govern. It is perfectly true that the Irish wish to live at peace with us, but only on their own terms. It is foolish to blame them; the world is like that. The present situation provides a perfect commentary on the whole pacifist case for the solubility of international problems by compromise. Such a solution is always immediately possible, but it will always have the same result—the ultimate victory of force over law. Because Mr. de Valera has not used guns and gas he has none the less used force. He has confronted us with a *fait accompli*. He has broken a treaty and repudiated a debt of honour. This is the inevitable price of compromise, and it is a price which civilization cannot pay without committing suicide. It may possibly be that the natural differences between nation and nation are so formidable and persistent that peace cannot always be maintained except by compromise, though we do not for a moment believe that this applies to the case of the Irish Free State. But even if, in general, the point were conceded, it would still be true that civilization demands the rule of law and the submission of minorities to majorities. The alternative is a dissolution of the fabric of modern society on the Chinese model. The choice, in other words, lies not between war and peace, but between the risk of war and the certainty of anarchy.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Professor Haldane and Evolution

By G. C. Heseltine

SINCE Professor J. B. S. Haldane in "The Causes of Evolution"* is so insistent on the fact of evolution, as contrasted with the mere hypothesis, it is well that he gives us his definition: "By evolution we mean the descent from living beings in the past of other widely different living beings" (p. 4). It is assumed to include "such a profound change as the origin of consciousness or reason." Those who feel that this is a rather indefinite definition must remember that it has to be wide enough to admit such phenomena as those observed in the Ammonites (once the stock example of continuous evolution where more modern and transitory forms were inadequate). The Ammonites, after taking a few hundred million years to evolve into no very high form, suddenly began to show features that had not appeared for a hundred million years, and eventually, in spite of attempts at renaissance and the production of new forms, died out after 400 million years. A similar example of racial senescence occurs in Graptolites, Foraminifera and other groups. There are also cases such as those of Gryphaea and Titanotheria, which Professor Haldane says "are not obviously explicable on any theory of evolution whatever." The definition must allow for non-continuous evolution to get over the gaps in the stock examples of continuous evolution, and for the fact that "we have no really satisfactory evidence of perfectly continuous evolution in plants, where the evidence of abrupt-species formation is strongest." We have also the case of *Cepea* in which the population, although large and polymorphic, has not apparently altered in a quarter of a million years. The lamp-shell *Lingula* has shown no significant evolution in some 400 million years, and the limpet *Patella* has refused to

* The Causes of Evolution. By J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

support the idea for almost as long. When we add to these phenomena Professor Haldane's statements that "most evolutionary changes are degenerative," "the histories of progress are exceptional," features appear "that do not correspond to anything in the ancestral series," "evolution does not point to any general tendency of species to progress," we are tempted to exclaim "How unlike the home life of our dear Queen!" It does not need a reactionary theologian to observe that an evolutionary process that proceeds so doubtfully, sometimes going forward to greater complexity and viability, sometimes backwards to primitive forms and extinction, sometimes operating swiftly, sometimes slowly, sometimes not at all, is a very different thing from the evolution that Darwin, as Professor Haldane tells us, popularized and buttressed by the theory of natural selection. It certainly lacks the direction, constancy, order and universality commonly associated with the idea of evolution. Even a scientist might protest that this random, uncertain sort of evolution hardly deserves a longer name than change, and might be more safely called a hypothesis than a fact.

The mere existence of difficulties, however formidable they may appear, is no disproof of the hypothesis. Moralists and theologians, as well as philosophers, have for centuries favoured hypotheses of evolution, sometimes far more strictly defined than Professor Haldane's, from Anaximander onwards, through the Fathers and the Schoolmen to the present day. But they were unhampered, as was Darwin, with the new and serious difficulties raised by recent research of which Professor Haldane is fully aware. Few of them would have been bold enough, in the face of modern knowledge, to insist so dogmatically on the "fact" of evolution.

Of "the causes which have been suggested for the deeper transformations shown by the geological record," Professor Haldane enumerates five, four being types of variation: (*a*) random; (*b*) due to the action of environment on the organism; (*c*) due to internal causes, e.g.

Berg's "Nomogenesis"; (*d*) due to hybridization, and the fifth being "selection." So far as selection is concerned, in the important instance of evolution taken from the geological record, that of Ammonites, we have the assurance of Professor Haldane that "their story is not very easy to reconcile with evolution by natural selection." More recently, Fenton, investigating the Brachiopods "Spirifer," finds natural selection incompatible with the facts. Johannsen's work on "pure lines" suggests that selection alone has no modifying effect on the gene and that effective selection, natural or artificial, remains impossible until some genetical change occurs from other causes. Leaving on one side the possibility of such inheritance of acquired characteristics and effects of environment as is favoured by the neo-Lamarckians led by Professor E. W. MacBride, but rejected by Professor Haldane and most biologists, let us consider the alternative source of inheritable variation, namely mutations or changes in the genes before the life of the individual begins.

The study of mutations, and genetics in general, has followed Mendel's discoveries which were brought to light in 1900. Since then extensive work has been done in this field, principally by Morgan and others in America, using the fruit-fly *Drosophila*, and the study of chromosomes (the paired, stainable nuclear bodies that carry the genes or factors responsible for the appearance of definite characters in the living creature), has revealed a fine confusion of phenomena. Mutations may be due to several modes of re-shuffling, technically known as linkage, coupling, repulsion, crossing-over, and so on, as well as to the occurrence of more than one pair of chromosomes in the organism (polyploidy), and to varying degrees of stability in the chromosomes themselves. The manifestation of mutations is further complicated by such phenomena as incomplete dominance, the presence or absence of inhibiting, lethal, and other factors. Apart from all these, which operate before the

life of the individual begins, environment and nurture may further affect the ultimate appearance of the new form resulting from the mutation. Some mutations can be artificially produced, e.g. by the agency of X-rays, others occur spontaneously, for reasons not yet fathomed, and we do not know how far they may be provoked naturally.

Some species in the wild state mutate profusely, others rarely or not at all. Some mutations are advantageous, some disadvantageous, some apparently neutral. The majority of those observed are apparently degenerative and "recessives" in the Mendelian sense, rare cases occur of dominants—these differences affecting their chances of perpetuation. Then, again, some characters in a species are determined by one genetical factor, others by several in various forms of arrangement. And there are other complications too involved to relate. Mutations, being so essentially instrumental in the manifestation of new characters, and of new species, are of fundamental importance to any evolutionary theory, even to the "fact" of evolution as Professor Haldane defines it.

Knowing all this, and much more, that has already been disclosed with regard to even a few species, and in face of the obviously elementary state of the inquiry, Professor Haldane is bold enough to conclude that these multifarious phenomena cannot have any great effect on the establishment of new forms and some much more effective agent is required to account for the changes that make up his evolution. Therefore, he postulates an additional factor, of the greatest importance, which he calls natural selection. It appears, from this book, that natural selection is not more, but rather less, systematic in operation than "evolution," or mutations. It involves several indefinite definitions of advantageous and disadvantageous characters, fitness, and so forth, that cannot be dealt with here. But since Professor Haldane claims to be a Darwinian, we may quote what the other man who has read "The Origin of

Species," will recognize as the words of Darwin himself: "This preservation of favourable variations and the rejection of injurious variations, I call natural selection"; "we may feel sure that any variations in the least injurious would be rigidly destroyed." Professor Haldane is fully aware of the modern contradictions of these dicta. "The fallacy is," he says, "that natural selection will always make an organism fitter in its struggle with the environment." Then, again, Darwin says: "as natural selection acts solely by accumulating slight, successive, favourable variations it can produce no great or sudden modification; it can only act by very short steps." Professor Haldane says: "the most that these slowly acting causes of change could accomplish would be the production of characters that were practically neutral as regards survival value," and he knows how large and how sudden may be mutations that must supply the material on which selection acts. Therefore, we are hardly exaggerating if we say that all the Darwinism that he retains is the mere words "natural selection." The excuse that Darwinism, like the idea of evolution, has itself evolved, would justify us in concluding that Professor Haldane is also, by analogy, a Flat-Earther. Darwin may be right, as was Galileo, in spite of his bad proofs; so may Professor Haldane. But to believe them so on such evidence would be the suicide of science.

In view of the great variety of conflicting phenomena that militates against a clear inference of whatever natural selection may be, and his own opinion that "we know very little about what is actually selected, and any attempt to give a concrete account of natural selection at work must be decidedly speculative," Professor Haldane falls back on the speculations of mathematical probability, which he finds to support his belief that natural selection is the principal factor in evolution. He thus walks in grave danger of the Pythagorean error of making the symbol the principle of reality. Mendel employed mathematics, but he had the facts from his

experiments for a basis. He was on firmer ground than Professor Haldane, who is no doubt a more experienced mathematician.

To take an example at random, in considering the special case of "socially valuable but individually disadvantageous characters," Professor Haldane illustrates his argument with the case of broodiness in poultry. "In the wild state, a broody hen is likely to live a shorter life than a non-broody one, as she is more likely to be caught by a predatory enemy while sitting. But the non-broody hen will not rear a family, so the genes determining this character will be eliminated in nature." Now the broody hen does, in fact, make special and uncommon use of mimicry, or "camouflage," and she is also much more alert and combative than the non-broody or less broody. A broody hen has been known to kill a kestrel, a broody swan is a far tougher proposition to predatory man than a non-broody. And a ready example of a non-broody bird in nature whose genes do not seem to come to much harm is the cuckoo. However, this criticism of the example does not pretend to invalidate the argument. But it is a fair sample of the speculation, or guess-work, applied to the results of numerous pieces of research work quoted in support of Professor Haldane's theses, and those of evolutionists generally. It discloses a weakness for jumping to conclusions that has become so prevalent as to pass uncriticized amongst modern scientists. It would be an exaggeration to say that there are "innumerable" examples of this, for that is a word that means less to Professor Haldane (p. 9) than to one more cautious, but there are certainly very many.

As one might expect, examples of rashness are even more abundant when he leaves his own particular fields of biology and mathematics for the more general battle-ground of philosophy. On page 154, he shows a complete misunderstanding of the Christian doctrine of the Fall, and elsewhere he makes a childish, if facetious, attempt

to attach the words of Christ on the virtue humility to Bolk's theory of fœtalization—"unless you become as little children . . . " He shows further confusion of an elementary nature when he thinks it a blemish on the moral perfection of God to have created the tapeworm because if Professor Haldane were God he would not have done so. The state of mind of the author is still further disclosed in his references to those whom he supposes, often mistakenly, to be opposed to the hypotheses of evolution and natural selection. He opens his book with a fake quotation : " ' Darwinism is dead '—*Any Sermon.*" He knows quite well that he might have attributed the words to Nilsson, Bateson, Driesch, Dennert, Dwight, Morgan, Le Dantec, Korchinsky, Hartmann, Kassowitz, Eimer—but why go on? It would be as true to say "any scientist." For as he admits, "eminent theologians have accepted evolution and eminent biologists denied natural selection." Why, then, say "any sermon," unless in blindness or in ignorance of the wide views on evolution held by theologians of all times.*

Similarly, in "the criticism of Darwinism had been so thoroughgoing that a few biologists and many laymen regard it as more or less exploded," he must know that it would be more accurate to write "many biologists and a few laymen." Laymen are as yet largely unaware of the great extent and weight of the criticism of Darwinism.

These quotations indicate more than mere looseness of expression. They are suggestive of a lack of scientific caution and detachment that is also evident in more vital matters. When all the examples in his book have dealt with the inheritance of somatic characters, he takes for granted, as a sort of corollary, the application of parallel processes in matters of the mind.

We need hardly be surprised then that Professor Haldane disagrees so profoundly with such scientists as

* *vide* "Evolution and Theology." E. C. Messenger. (Burns, Oates, 12s. 6d.)

Caullery, who, in his opening address at the International Congress of Zoology in 1930, was of the opinion that modern genetical research has so complicated the situation that we need to be far more cautious than ever. "Then," said Caullery, speaking of a generation ago, "the problem of evolution seemed much nearer solution than it does now." "We can say appreciably more about evolution to-day than was possible ten years ago," says Professor Haldane. "Or than is wise to-day," we might add after reading his book. Had he said heredity or genetics instead of evolution, it would be possible to agree with him. But he is less remote and detached from the Darwinian tradition than is Caullery, who, moreover, may not feel enough confidence in himself to leave scientific caution and accuracy of expression to lesser fry.

It is interesting to note that Professor Haldane refers to cases in which omission to offer a theory as to the causes of the evolutionary process (Willis, "Age and Area") and to go beyond his facts "like most writers on heredity" (de Vilmorin—"Notices sur l'amelioration des plantes par les semis, etc.") resulted in unmerited neglect. We might add the name of Gregor Mendel to this pair with the comment that he was too good a scientist to propound any such theory or to go beyond his facts, tremendous as they were, and much as he was hurt by unmerited neglect. We cannot now attribute Professor Haldane's book to any such fear, nor can we go so far as Professor E. W. MacBride and say that he is not a biologist but a mere mathematician. He is, indeed, both a distinguished biologist and a sound mathematician. But if we compare him, on the basis of this book, with, say, Mendel, we might fairly conclude that he is not a good enough scientist for any open-minded man to trust as a guide to the problems of material existence.

Samuel Butler's Notebooks: Some New Extracts

[*Below are further (hitherto unpublished) extracts from Samuel Butler's Notebooks. Previous extracts from the Notebooks appeared in the May and June issues of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW. *The new Notebooks, edited by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, will be published by Jonathan Cape in the early autumn.*]

OUR LEADING JOURNALS

Of these I know not which is best edited in respect of printing and technicality of every kind—nor which worst in respect of everything else.

MERCANTILE PURSUITS

If the old Romans were right in looking down on anything mercantile we should remember that art, literature and science are now almost exclusively mercantile.

CLOTHES

Our minds want clothes as much as our bodies.

THOUGHT, WORD AND DEED (NOTE FOR)

That writing is to language as language to thought; and language to thought, much as thought to feeling; and thought to feeling much as feeling to action.

SPECULATION AND COMMERCE

All attempts to foresee the future are so much speculation and *quâ* speculation wagering. All commerce is directed by attempts to foresee the future.

PARENTAL SERVITUDE

Some people seem compelled by unkind fate to parental servitude for life. There is no form of penal servitude much worse than this.

MYSELF AND THE PUBLIC

I have not found the public generous, but what public ever was or can be generous? I have found the public suspicious, supercilious, quick to carp, slow to praise, and bent on driving as hard a bargain with me as it could; but why should I find it anything else? Do I care much about the public, *quâ* people whom I do not know personally, or try to tickle it? Hardly. If, then, I say what I choose to say without thinking of the public, why should I grumble at the public for not thinking of me? Besides, not being paid myself, I can in better conscience use the works of others, as I daily do, without paying for them, and without being at the trouble of praising or thanking them more than I have a mind to. Nevertheless, the English public is not generous. The Gladstone Ministry might leave Gordon in the lurch as long as they pleased and they stood in no danger of being turned out, but when our beer was touched we upset the ministry immediately.

WALDSTEIN

He is an art light at Cambridge. Crawley told me that at the Savile dinner once someone asked him what art was, and he replied, "Art? Why, art is the most organic of organisms," which was thought very clever. I suppose that is the way to get on, but I don't understand it.

TASTE

People care more about being thought to have taste than about being thought either good, clever or amiable.

FIGHTING

is always the result of disputed boundaries, whether physical or mental. If a thing is clearly a matter of faith, or clearly a matter of reason, no one will fight.

CONVENTION

The firmest ground is only the most universally received and most unquestioned convention. Convention is only that which is most convenient.

KING THEEBAW'S CHEROOTS

"My late father, the Royal Mindoon Min, the golden-footed Lord of the White Elephant, master of a thousand gold umbrellas, owner of the Royal Peacocks, lord of the sea and of the world, whose face was like the Sun, always smoked the Esoof Cheroot while meditating on his treatment of the bull-faced earth-swallowing English. Had I done the same I should never have lost my throne, but I used the opium-drugged cheroots from Manilla, and the trash which was sent me from San Francisco, and I fell.

"(Signed) THEEBAW, formerly King.

"*Times*, March 28, 1890."

SCIENCE

The tendency of modern science is to reduce proof to an absurdity by so continually reducing absurdity to proof or pretending to do so.

NOTHING

We might as well say that something comes out of nothing at once as that it comes from an underlying substance that we cannot cognize—for that which we cannot cognize is nothing. There is no other nothing but this.

CONTRADICTION IN TERMS

Memory and forgetfulness are good examples of this, for there is in each something of the other.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN

It is said the world knows nothing [or little?] of its greatest men; it might be added that its greatest men

have known very little of the world. Indeed, they never can, for they and the world have nothing, or at any rate very little, in common and so cannot understand each other.

VARIABILITY

The more you have of variability the less of stability, and *vice versa*. What is given to the one is taken from the other.

SUCCESS

They who would win immediate success must not aim, as it were, at the top of a mountain but at the middle of a bull's eye. He who would win lasting fame must aim at both at once as best he can.

DISGRACE AND MISFORTUNE

Show me the disgrace which is not a misfortune and I will show you the misfortune which is not a disgrace (or *vice versa*). Fortune is both the mother and the child of grace.

JAEL

was a remarkably nervous woman in private life; she screamed if she saw a mouse and fainted at the sight of a cut finger.

NOTHING EXISTS

quâ us (and that is the same as saying that nothing exists) but what is thinkable. If it is not thinkable it does not exist. The first stage of being is to be thought about.

GREAT WORKS

have always something of *de profundis* about them.

ART AND SCIENCE

are the spoiled children of the British public.

THE HUMBLE AND MEEK

I really do not see much use in exalting the humble and meek; they do not remain humble and meek long when they are exalted.

WHY HOP YE SO YE HIGH HILLS?

But they don't hop.

THE GREATEST TRAVELLER

has still covered but an infinitely small fraction of the world, and so with learning.

ARTIST

Most of those who call themselves artists are in reality picture dealers, only they make the pictures themselves.

IDEALS

No mistake can be greater than that of idealizing great men. Forgive their sins, assuredly, but do not pretend that they were other than they were. The greater a man is in some respects, the more certain he is to be deficient and come to grief in others. It paralyses to be overshadowed too much: And the greater a man is the less he should be meddled with one way or the other.

BELIEF

like any other moving body follows the path of least resistance.

PLATES AT SAAS

The dessert plates illustrated French village-life. I only remember four; there were more, but these four, at any rate, represent four things which, according to modern French ideas, are essential characteristics of village life. They gave pictures of (1) L'amour du village, (2) Le Sorcier du village, (3) La bonne nourrice, and (4) Le bois d'hiver. These, at any rate, were among the fixings requisite for any well-equipped village.

LONGMAN'S PREMISES

They treat me well at Longman's: every one is very civil and everything is well done on most reasonable terms. I am in as good hands as can be found in London,

nevertheless, an "as for me I am a worm and no man" feeling comes over me as soon as I get within their premises, and when I leave them I am inclined to question whether I am even a worm. And yet everyone has been as attentive as possible.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS

and it shall be found after *many* days; this, I suppose, means that if you cast your bread upon the waters it will be long enough before you see it again.

THE COURSE OF

true anything never does run smooth.

THE RIDICULOUS AND THE SUBLIME

As there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so also there is but one from the ridiculous to the sublime.

OPINIONS

have vested interests just as men have.

THE DEAD BEING THE MAJORITY

it is natural that we should have more friends among these than among the living.

THE MOST IMPORTANT

service rendered by the Press and the magazines is that of educating people to approach printed matter with distrust.

HEAVEN

At any rate there will be no wedding presents.

MONEY AND WILL

So he has the greatest will-force who has the greatest money force; men cannot take their money with them, but they can leave their will behind them.

TO DO GREAT WORK

a man must be very idle as well as very industrious.

JONES ON BALLAD MUSIC

Jones said the only music the British public really like is ballads. I asked him what he held the most essential characteristic of a ballad. He said, " False sentiment. It should be like this : ' they met under a hawthorn tree in the month of May, and then they met under some other tree in the month of August, and then . . . she was a corpse.' "

ANALOGY

All analogies are false, yet all our reasoning is founded on analogies.

JOHN MORLEY

I think I am not mistaken in saying he has been lately writing about *style*. The man who could spell God with a little g is just the person who may be expected to write about style.

EREWHON REVISITED

Have some schools called deformatories to which people are sent if they are too good to be practical.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMMONPLACE BOOK

Why did not Shakespeare make a few odd notes now and again about anything he saw or heard and anything that came into his head? If we could have one such volume of rubbish shot anyhow from Shakespeare or Homer we would give up three parts of the Iliad, and at least two of the plays—say *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

Only whoever makes such notes should write them in copying ink, and send the other copy to a friend.

THE SOCIAL LADDER

is all very well as long as you can keep on climbing or stick at the top ; but it is hard to come down it without tumbling off.

THE ODYSSEY

One of its great charms lies in its frank *bourgeoisie*. It shows the worth of literary criticism that for 3,000 years it should have been reckoned a heroic poem.

DANTE

went down into Hades, and I always distrust anyone who goes down into Hades.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

is the history of the weak confounding the strong as well as of the strong confounding the weak.

LIFE IS A DREAM

and that is why the greatest men have always been dreamers.

DR. JAMES'S WIFE

I think I have already put down that when the first Mrs. James died, Dr. James gave the death of his wife as a subject to the boys—for English verse.

One boy wrote:

"When Mrs. James died
Dr. James cried—
May Mrs. James have
A very fine grave."

LANGUAGE

If we strain it it breaks down like everything else.

ANIMOSITY AND RIVALRY

To take away all anomosity from a rivalry is like playing whist for love.

MATTER

is never either absolutely at rest or absolutely in motion any more than it is ever either absolutely hot, cold, or anything else. Nothing is ever absolutely anything.

DETAIL IN ART

is like money, no matter how much we have we always want more.

ACADEMIC AND ARISTOCRATIC

people live in such an uncommon atmosphere that common sense can rarely reach them.

"THE TIMES" AND E. A. FREEMAN

Last night I saw a "Pall Mall Budget," in which I saw a scrap of a letter from Freeman reproduced in facsimile complaining that "The Times" "burked" him. Why should not "The Times" dislike a man and "burke" him, if it sees proper to do so? I should be very sorry to think that any such scrap in my handwriting could find its way into a "Pall Mall Budget" when I am gone. I do not know what trash of this kind I may not have written years ago when I was more hot-headed, without remembering it, but I cannot remember having written it, and should certainly not write it now. I believe "The Times" to be exactly like myself or any one else; it has more demands upon its very valuable commodity than it can supply, and naturally gives the preference to those who are more directly and personally known to the direction. Where a claim is transcendent and irresistible, it over-rides personal ties, but where claims are roughly speaking equal, personal acquaintance with those who have the direction naturally and rightly engenders in them a confidence which they cannot feel towards an outsider.

Of course, I should have liked it very much if "The Times" had taken a fancy to me; it would have put a lot of money in my pocket which in the old days I wanted very badly; at the same time I strongly suspect it to have been a good thing for me in the end that "The Times" should have let me so severely alone, and have long since resolved so to write in the future as to make this severity most likely to endure. (1892)

(*To be continued.*)

Manchuria: Past, Present and Future

By Lawrence Impey

IN order to obtain an informed outlook on the Manchurian question it is necessary not only to keep in mind the historical background of the country, the clash of politico-economic interests there, and its possibilities as a future battlefield, but also the fact that not one race alone, but three are involved, namely, Chinese, Japanese, and Russians.

Although the Chinese always assert their predominant interests with regard to Manchuria in a manner which might be considered almost dictatorial, one must remember in this connection that they are equally outspoken with reference to their "sovereign rights" over Korea, Mongolia, Turkestan, Tibet, Indo-China and Burmah. In fact, it seems sometimes as if the Chinese are willing to lay claim to practically the whole of Asia, forgetting when they do so that the majority of these countries, over which, at one time or another, China held sway, threw off the Chinese yoke the moment their opportunity arrived. Manchuria itself became an integral part of China with the advent of the Ching dynasty, not by conquest, but as the personal appanage of these Manchu emperors of China. With the fall of the dynasty in 1912, republican China possesses but the most tenuous of claims to this vast territory upon which she, in the same breath, accuses other countries of having imperialistic designs.

Pursuing its policy of expansion in the Orient, Russia, prior to the Russo-Japanese War, had created a considerable sphere of influence in Manchuria, with Port Arthur as its military base and the Chinese Eastern Railway as a vital link in the chain of communications which extended from Siberia to Vladivostok in one direction and southwards as far as Changchun in the other. When the Russians were defeated by the Japanese in 1905, the

latter had every intention of taking over the said sphere and operating it in their best interests, regardless of Chinese desires. But the European Powers thought otherwise, and in view of her financial strain during the war Japan felt it advisable to bow to foreign opinion, with the mental reservation that she would bide her time. The only Russian influence of any importance left after the war was the special area of the Chinese Eastern Railway, with its headquarters in Harbin. Theoretically the railway is a fifty-fifty concern, but actually the Chinese gained ground in its control to such an extent that in 1929 the Soviet decided to fight in order to protect what they regarded as their legitimate interests in the railway zone. The situation was aggravated by the fact that the C.E.R. was the last stronghold of the old Czarist regime, many of whose appointees were holding their jobs there in co-operation with their Chinese colleagues right up to the commencement of the Sino-Soviet conflict. Naturally enough, they were bitterly opposed to any policies introduced by the Soviet nominees to the Russian half of the railway board of control, and aided and abetted the Chinese in their policy of pinpricks which finally caused the open clash.

All the time that this was going on, the Japanese had been playing their own game, in their careful and painstaking way, down in Southern Manchuria, centering their activities in Mukden and along their special sphere of influence, the South Manchurian Railway. Political and military advisers to the Governors of Manchuria, loans for the construction of railways, loans for the development of coal, iron, timber and other economic interests, these were the lines along which the Japanese skilfully strengthened their stranglehold on the country. Japanese spies were here, there, and everywhere, investigating, measuring, noting, photographing and reporting to their respective departments in Tokyo. Japanese officers in mufti bought beans, bought horses, bought furs, others carried out scientific investigations and explorations in

hitherto undeveloped areas of Mongolia and Manchuria, until the death of a certain Captain Nakamura at the hands of Chinese soldiery while he was carrying out undesired investigations in the Hingan region during September 1931 led to the clash at the Mukden barracks on the eventful evening of September 18.

It is safe to presume that, Nakamura or no Nakamura, Japanese intervention in Manchuria would have occurred at or about this time, for the situation was ripe for decisive action. During the past few years the Chinese had been growing stronger in Manchuria, both on account of the steady influx of colonists from the famine areas of Central China and because of their constantly evidenced desire to attract foreign capital for the development of their economic interests and the construction of railroads which should make them independent of the C.E.R. and S.M.R. lines alike. This policy was absolutely inimical to Japanese interests, as the development of Chinese-owned coal and iron would inevitably lead to depreciation of Japanese holding at Fushun, Anshan, and elsewhere. With regard to Chinese railways, either built or under contemplation, the danger was even greater, as they were not only a severe menace to S.M.R. interests, but might prove important strategic lines during the ultimate struggle for the possession of Manchuria. In order to obviate this menace the Chinese were induced by various means to accept Japanese loans for the construction costs of such railways, which fact gave the latter a pretext for sending their troops throughout Northern Manchuria as a protection of their interests against depredations by Chinese bandits.

Considering the question from the Japanese point of view there is only one answer to the problem. The coal, iron, timber, beans and other resources of Manchuria are vital to the enlargement of the Japanese Empire, and there is no field of expansion apparent in other directions. The political mis-government of Manchuria by Chinese officials of all classes during the past thirty years has

afforded the most appalling example of peculation squeeze, drug dealing and general oppression of the people under them that one could find anywhere. This misrule could lend a semblance of justice to the ultimate control of Manchuria by Japan, but it is curious to observe how " evil communications corrupt good manners," for whereas the Japanese in their own country are law abiding, hard working, and seemingly honest and straightforward, in Manchuria they freely resort to bribery, intimidation, and drug dealing on an enormous scale. In the latter field they co-operate with the White Russians, Harbin being a vast distributing centre for cocaine, heroin, morphine, etc Shipments from abroad mostly come in through Dairen, which is an open port as far as customs examination is concerned. Goods can then be taken by motor to some point on the S.M.R. beyond customs inspection and railed to Mukden, Changchun, Harbin, or elsewhere. That is why Japanese merchants in Harbin can go to other firms and offer to deliver them any goods desired at a price between 20 per cent. and 25 per cent. below the usual import charge. The duty in the ordinary way would have been 30 per cent., or slightly over, so that the Japanese are only netting from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. as carriers from Dairen to Harbin. Most of the textiles, jewellery, piecegoods, machinery, etc., have entered Manchuria merely as a covering for the drugs which accompanied them, and the importers make such enormous profits on the cocaine, heroin, etc., that they can afford to dispose of the goods which masked them at almost cost price. One has only to stay at one of the Harbin hotels for a week and drift casually about the town to have all sorts of transactions in drugs brought to one's notice. Three main channels of supply can be observed, the cabarets, where 50 per cent. of the girls employed seem to be addicts, the hotel lobbies, where Jews and Russians are carrying on a thriving trade, and the numerous chemists' shops, where customers wander in with a little pill-box and a couple

of dollars and walk out with their purchase without a word said.

Ever since the Sino-Russian War, the Soviet has been building up a very considerable import trade into Northern Manchuria, flooding Harbin and its subsidiary towns with textiles, petrol, machinery, sweets, flour, wine, furs, etc., and by severely cutting prices seriously injuring British and American interests in these directions. Further south, where the Japanese have always had a greater measure of control, Moscow has been able so far to achieve but little, and it is probable that their field will be severely restricted now that Japanese military forces have occupied Harbin. For Japanese protestations anent the " open door " may be taken with reserve considering the lack of opportunity for foreign commercial enterprise in Japan, Korea, and Kwangtung leased territory, and remembering that the moment Japanese troops entered Harbin, Japanese officials invaded the Chinese banks and carried out a most minute investigation of their finances and books.

One must note in this connection that although the Chinese were completely ineffective in their military operations against Japan, it still remains to be seen how they will fare in the economic sphere, for immediately after the Japanese took control in Harbin the Chinese merchants began an unofficial boycott of Japanese goods which created a market for several thousand pounds' worth of British textiles within forty-eight hours. In this connection it is worth noting that the Japanese Press agencies are already referring to a " revision " of tariffs in Manchuria, which one may well expect to be " discriminating " in Japanese interests. The consensus of opinion of foreign merchants in Manchuria seems to be that while general conditions may be and probably will be ameliorated by Japanese control of the country and the consequent suppression of bandits, the possibility of a real " open door " policy being put into force by the Japanese is extremely slight, and foreign commercial

interests would be ill-advised to place any reliance in it. In the past, when Manchuria was still under Chinese suzerainty, the Japanese carefully and cleverly headed off any attempts by British or American financiers to invest funds in coal, iron, mineral, railway or any other vital interests, and it hardly seems likely that they will reverse their policy now that they have expended millions of pounds and employed a military expedition to make themselves the paramount Power in the country.

And that brings us to a consideration of the last important aspect, the military situation as it concerns Japan, China, and Russia. The writer spent the years 1914–1919 as an officer in the British army, and has been present as a war correspondent at practically every civil war in China since 1920, not to mention the somewhat farcical Sino-Russian conflict of 1929, so that he followed the recent conflict in Manchuria with more than ordinary interest.

At the time of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, Japan obtained the reputation of being a first-class military Power, and the only conflict in which she has engaged since, that of the attack on a weak German force at Tsingtao during the Great War, has done little or nothing to prove or disprove it. But the Sino-Japanese conflict, which led to the fighting around Mukden, Tsitsihar, and Harbin, has shed a new and rather interesting light on the question. In the first place, it must be recognized that the Chinese troops in the north, whatever they may be like in the south, are pretty poor material. Their apologists will say that in their clashes with the Japanese they suffered from lack of equipment and that the Japanese victories were due to the devastating effect of their tanks and aeroplanes. This is not true. It must be admitted, of course, that aeroplane observation and, to a lesser extent, bombing, did afford considerable advantage to the Japanese, but this is far from being the whole story. The writer was with the Chinese forces under General Mah Chen-shan for several weeks before

the battles of Anganchi and Tsitsihar, and he walked over these same battlefields the following day with a Japanese staff officer and the British Military Attaché on purpose to examine the results of the conflict.

The Chinese at the commencement of the battle consisted of some 20,000 troops with 24 field guns and over 100 machine guns. They held an excellent trench position some four miles in length which had been prepared weeks in advance and which possessed a good field of fire and was linked up by telephonic communication between battalion and brigade headquarters. Their bomb-proof dug-outs, which were sited at every eighty yards or so along the trenches, proved amply strong enough to resist anything but direct hits from the heavy artillery or one of the largest aeroplane bombs. As against this the Japanese attacked with some 4,500 troops of all arms with eight aeroplanes and six tanks, but they had only a few heavy guns at their disposal, and these did not prove altogether satisfactory in action. The battle began with a two-hour artillery bombardment at dawn, but very little damage was done to the Chinese lines. The tanks advanced at eight-thirty, but all but one broke down before reaching the front line and they were still stranded there when we visited the battlefield next day. The aeroplanes were divided in their uses between bombing Chinese headquarters and signalling to the advancing Japanese infantry. In the first object they would have been more effective if the Chinese higher command had been anywhere in the vicinity of the battle headquarters while the battle was in progress, which was not the case, while in signalling they proved somewhat of a disappointment for the simple reason that snow had fallen for several days previously, but no one had taken the trouble to provide the troops with anything more than the usual white ground strips with which to signal, and naturally the visibility of these was extremely poor. The cavalry was such a small force, 400 in all, that the Japanese commander, General Taman,

gave it carte blanche to do what it liked, and after making a complete circuit of the Chinese position the gallant 400 turned up in the rear of the left wing and effected the capture of the only battery of guns lost by the Chinese during the whole of the conflict. As for the infantry, it is difficult to estimate their real value, for the Chinese troops never waited for them to come within rifle shot, but began a disorderly retreat when they were still some 800 yards from the front line trenches. As affording some estimate of the rapidity of the Chinese retreat it is only necessary to say that between 8.30 in the morning and midnight the Japanese had fought a battle and advanced right up to Tsitsihar city, a distance of some 22 miles. This also affords some criterion as to the physique of the Japanese, as the weather at the time was bitterly cold. The Japanese lost in the battle about 30 killed and 80 wounded, while the Chinese had approximately 150 killed and a small but unknown number wounded.

Practically the same story is true of the fighting during the Japanese advance on Harbin in February, 1932, for while the Chinese defence force put up a stiff resistance as long as they were only opposed to the Chinese auxiliary troops allied to the Japanese, as soon as the latter entered the conflict the Chinese defence simply crumbled away. The writer was in a motor-car with the British Military Attaché during much of this fighting, passing through the Chinese lines into No Man's Land on several occasions, and again formed the opinion that the Chinese losses were comparatively slight owing to the fact that a retreat began as soon as battle was really joined. Watching the conflict on the last day from a hill-top in the suburbs of Harbin it was evident that no infantry engagement was possible, for the Chinese troops withdrew before they had suffered more than a few dozen casualties from Japanese aeroplanes and artillery. One Press despatch referred to a " victorious advance of the tanks," but in point of fact only one of them really got into action, and this one, after killing half a dozen infantrymen

at close range, fell into a deep cement-lined ditch and broke its neck in a manner of speaking, remaining a casualty until hauled out two days later by a tractor.

Analysing the situation as a whole it seems to amount to this: Japanese aeroplane observation may have been good, but their bombing was decidedly indifferent. Their tanks never had much chance to show their worth and many of them broke down in actual practice. Their cavalry only exchanged desultory shots with the Chinese outposts. Their infantry marched well and their morale appeared to be good, but again it must be remembered that they never came under artillery or machine-gun fire of any intensity. The only legitimate criticism of the Harbin fighting is that even if the Japanese considered the enemy to be a negligible quantity they had no right to neglect proper precautions by advancing on the town in disordered columns of cavalry, infantry, armoured cars and artillery, all mixed together without flank guards. If there had been a dozen Chinese of any courage armed with machine-guns posted where the writer was standing when the Japanese advanced into the town, their losses would have been no laughing matter. Any brigade of German, British or French troops lining the defences of Harbin would have held up General Taman's division indefinitely, or at least until strong reinforcements had been brought up from Mukden. All in all, although it would be going too far to say that the reputation of the Japanese as a first-class fighting force has been destroyed, one can safely conclude that it has not been enhanced, and most competent observers will probably agree that their calibre has been seriously over-estimated unless in a war with a real military Power they adopt quite different and more up-to-date tactics.

How good their probable opponents, the Russians, may be it is difficult to estimate, for in the Sino-Russian conflict of 1929 the infantry and cavalry had little chance to show their worth against an ever-retreating Chinese army, but the writer's impression is that if it comes to a

struggle in the near future the Soviet aviators will practically clear the air of Japanese planes within the first month, and that thereafter the latter will be forced to operate under the grave disadvantage of lack of observation. That this conflict will take place in Manchuria before long seems more than probable, and it is fairly evident that the Japanese themselves are of this opinion. In the first place, they have been building as fast as possible the eighty-mile connecting link which will join the Korean railway system with the Tunhua–Kirin–Changchun railway, and this work ought to be completed by July. This will enable the Japanese to place two armies in the field at once, one advancing along this line and utilizing Seishin as a port of disembarkation, and the other landing at Dairen and striking *via* Mukden northwestward. At the same time they have now obtained control of the Chinese Eastern Railway system as far as the Changchun–Harbin section is concerned, and they can therefore cut the railway at Harbin and not only prevent its use by Soviet forces, but strike along it themselves towards either of the Russian frontiers, taking Vladivostok in reverse or menacing the severance of the trans-Siberian railway by striking northward from Manchuli at Chita.

Japanese interest in the branch lines from Harbin to Hailun and Tsitsihar to Koshan is also not without point, for in this direction lies the Russian frontier railhead town of Blagoveschensk, from which a Soviet force might possibly advance. And last of all we have the extension of the Taonan line westward towards Solun, at the toe of the Hingan mountain range. About one hundred miles of this has already been built and the Japanese are believed to be pushing the work forward as fast as possible, and if one studies the map one can easily perceive the reason and understand why Captain Nakamura had been exploring this region before he was killed. Not only does Solun command the road system leading from Manchuria into Mongolia, but it is also the strategic

point at which the Hingan mountain range can most easily be negotiated by an army, supposing the enemy to have destroyed the Hingan tunnels on the Chinese Eastern Railway. So acutely did the Soviet appreciate this fact that the moment they defeated the Chinese in 1929, their engineers began a survey for a proposed spur line from the C.E.R. to Solun, and a couple of bridges along the route were actually built.

Many military authorities have put foward the theory that Manchuria is to be the scene of the next great war, and if this is true it seems as if all the elements of conflict were already present, for the Japanese creation of a puppet State under the nominal suzerainty of the ex-Emperor Pu Yi is almost certain to lead to a clash with both Chinese and Soviet interests. Which of the three Powers concerned will emerge victorious remains to be seen, for the race is not always to the swift, and the Chinese people have always shown a most remarkable staying power. The only thing which we must ardently hope for is that the conflict may not extend until it involves other world Powers in a general cataclysm.

Two Men

By James Stern

EIGHT months we had lived together in the only brick house at Fort Insezi, five days' ride from Bulawayo. Just thirty years ago Lobengula, old, fat, obscene with disease and self-indulgence, no longer able to walk, had been carried through the village to his death which will always remain a mystery. There had been bloodshed then; a little further north Captain Wilson and thirty Englishmen were trapped and killed by natives on an ant-hill. A monument, overgrown with moss and fallen branches, more like a dead tree than a memorial, still stands on the hill to commemorate the occasion. Since then few white men had been seen in Fort Insezi; it was the headquarters of the Native Commissioner; nothing of any moment came our way. It was just a native village with one brick house outside it, where Maurice Macadam and I lived.

Behind our house were two huts, where the two police boys slept. They wore uniform : khaki shorts and coat and a wide-brimmed hat, like that of a Boy Scout. Beneath these their faces seemed even blacker than they were in reality. But they were very proud, these two. The other natives saluted them as they saluted us; to an African negro a uniform means much.

From the front stoep of the house we could see a great expanse of scrubby bush, flat to the horizon. Here and there a few mealie lands showed signs of native dwelling, but apart from this there was nothing on which the eye might linger, nothing but brown scrub. The Fort lay in the centre of the vast district we had to survey. Our northern territory occupied a large part of it, between the Teshangani and the Gwelo rivers, whither it was our duty to go during two months in the year.

Both of us lived for these months, although this fact, with so many others, we kept to ourselves, even in the evenings. For only at sundown did we dare reveal to one another the strain of monotony so evident in our

faces and the manner in which we went about our work. We seldom smiled; we found nothing to smile at. I spent more time than I knew looking at Maurice and wondering what was going on behind those pained eyes. His yellow face was lined like that of an old man; two deep furrows started either side of his nose and ran down to the corners of his thin mouth, which drooped, saying more than he ever said. For weeks conversation between us had almost ceased. Unless something unexpected occurred (and my prayers were rarely answered!), we spoke hardly at all. Yet, to escape from each other was impossible. Sometimes at sunset, with the aid of whiskey and water, I found myself soaring a little above this quiet black village. Under its influence I became detached, two eyes in the clear sky, seeing two white men, one barely middle-aged, the other young, sitting together with a bottle between them, uttering a word, a sentence, then silence, then a string of words punctuated by little strained silences as between men ill at ease, the lips not daring to utter the cry struggling so desperately within. Then, for a brief moment, something would melt in me—a mental hand stretching out to feel the fingers of another—when, before the mind could be reinforced with further stimulant, I would descend with a crash to earth and the bitter hatreds of the day that was ending. In all that time we learned nothing of each other; we were British; we lived our own lives, secretly harbouring all our thoughts as though it were right for them to be so precious, allowing ourselves no relief in speech—the only outlet that was offered us. We did not actually fight; we fought rather against fighting, each one knowing there was only the other. We lived on in a kind of desperate hope, waiting for the relief of walking away.

Almost in silence the days drew nearer; the rains ceased; the sun began to burn the grasses; at nights I could hear the two police boys talking excitedly about the approaching departure. Hearing them, I myself

experienced a curious elation. There would be freedom! There would be uncertainty in the days; in the mornings we would not know where we would sleep at night, nor how far we should walk the next day, and every day something fresh to see, no certainty . . . the relief of not knowing! Something leapt up in me at the thought! Maurice, in that listless voice I had grown to hate, murmured: "Oh, well, I suppose there'll be a little shooting."

* * * *

Ten days of walking through endless *vleis*, the grasses in some places reaching high above our heads, the two police boys carrying on their backs the little we needed, ourselves burdened only to the extent of two shot-guns, brought us to the banks of the Teshangani river. In the summer this river is deep and enormously wide, filled with terrifying torrents which sweep along with them anything however huge, that dares to approach beyond the brink of its shelving banks. But now, in the winter, during the long period of sunshine, we found it low and docile in sleep. The dirty grey water lay sluggishly in the bed, foul and stagnant. But water was an immediate necessity, and Maurice decided to remain.

Slowly, during the days of walking and sleeping out, a curious sensation of hopefulness, like the sudden appearance of sun brightening the earth after days of rain, had begun to rise in me. In the early mornings, when I was half-awakened by dawn to find the white sky above growing gradually whiter, then a hue of pale orange melt the white into a watery gold as though the heavens were cast in snow, queer exciting thoughts, like those that enter the head with opium, raced and re-raced through my brain. I would fear to move under the blankets, lest full day should too suddenly appear with the swiftness of a light turned on in a dark warm room, and a cold portrait of my real and sober self be thrown too clearly before me against a background of the already rising sun. Yet the quick-coming dawns were not easy

to sleep through; now it was night, now day. But one fought against waking fully in a moment if only for the subconscious thought that a day, like a life, is so often more lovely in its beginning than in its fullness or its end.

As for Maurice, I could not help but notice a change of a similar kind in him. Each day it seemed as if a little more weight were being lifted mysteriously from his body. The afternoon before we came to the river he shot two pheasant with a brilliant right and left. His dog brought them both and laid them at its master's feet. Maurice smiled, patted the dog affectionately, and as we walked on I could see that a new vigour had sprung up in him; he walked fast and looked about him as though on the alert for fresh things to see and enjoy. The same evening, while we sat over the fire eating the birds and drinking from a bottle, he turned to me, and his voice sounded as if it were coming from the lips of a man I had never met. "I've wanted to say this for a long time," he began, staring into the flames. "Till now I haven't been able, I really don't know why . . . I . . . I hate the Fort, I've been there five years now, you know. There was Spencer, then Murphy, and now you . . . it's always been the same. Often—oh, hundreds of times—I've been on the point of quitting, but I know it's no good. I've seen men go, fed up, seen 'em go back home, swearing all known curses on this blight of a country and . . . what's happened? A year, two years, back they are again, for no better reason than that they couldn't stand the climate in the old country. It's no good." He stopped, at a loss for further words, took a long drink from the bottle, wiped his face with the back of his hand, then went on. "Always the same. The same with Murphy and Spencer as it is with you. All right for a month, a few weeks, then . . . oh, you know. I'm not a man with a hell of a lot to say, but good God, how can two men go on talking night after night for months, years on end! I . . . I only wanted . . . wanted to tell you I'm feeling a bit better now that

I've got away and . . . and, well, I'm damned sorry if I've made it none too good for you . . . just . . . just try not to forget I've had five years of it at a stretch and . . . well, sometimes . . . sometimes . . . I think I must be . . . *mad!*"

For a moment I could not bring myself to look up from my plate. While he had been speaking I had not moved, finding it hard to believe this was the voice of the man I had known so long; never had I heard him speak like this. As I heard the last words I wanted to get up and run away, I was so filled with embarrassment. But the hollow silence that followed was worse. At last I looked up. Maurice was staring at me, his eyes bright with tears; then the thin lips creased themselves up into a sudden smile, and he stretched out his right hand towards me. Instinctively I leaned over and shook it—for the second time in my life. During the remainder of the evening neither of us spoke again, but the silence, so different from the dreaded, painful silences during the long days and evenings at the Fort, seemed heavy with the unspoken words that speech could not have made more eloquent.

And at last, when we came to the river on the following day, I felt as though an invisible enemy, so long endured and hated by us both, had been killed between us. Maurice began to talk and laugh and I to answer with a zest that was all unknown to me, full of wonder at what a few words and the last days had accomplished. I found myself speaking without thinking, asking questions and advice as from a man I both respected and admired. Here, as though by magic, the brutal strife of living seemed curiously to fade away; it was like waking from a hideous nightmare to find the sun shining outside on a pleasant world; the desire to be part of all one saw, the mere quick awareness of once more being alive, seemed sufficient to give one a queer exultant happiness that was full. Of a sudden I found the breath of my tired body whispering one wish—to be left thus, in peace.

In the afternoon we began to cut down the bush to make space for our camp, while the two boys disappeared to collect dried logs for an all-night fire. From time to time I stopped in my work to glance at Maurice, and each time I became more aware of a softening in his face; I thought the hard look that had been always dormant in his pained eyes was beginning to pass away; there was a peaceful and easy tolerance in the way he bent over the small trees and cut them very carefully just above the ground. The little vicious twist to his mouth had gone, the gleam of cruelty which I was so accustomed to see in his face when he was working with his hands was supplanted now by one of strength applied by a man whose body and mind are evenly oiled with a sense of freedom and tranquillity. Just as I saw him he seemed to me to fit in so well with this world where there was no war; it was as though at last he had found some companionship, not in me, but in the very atmosphere of this place where the strange voices of alien men were as yet unheard. Such men were we, but our lonely advent I could not help but consider rather as our good sense and fortune than as a crime. Looking back on that day, and almost unwillingly I do (for sometimes there is pain even in thoughts of peace), I would return to-morrow and have nothing altered, were it not for a superstitious nature warning me never to try to repeat a moment of happy time.

The camp we had made was in the heart of some thick jungle, on the edge of the southern bank of the river. A few natives, having heard in their mysterious way of the arrival of white men, hovered about in the background, peeping out from behind trees, making signs to each other, the children gazing wide-eyed with amazement at two beings so entirely different from anything they had ever seen on legs, and the women, with naked babies at their breasts, speechless with curiosity, watching our every movement as a dog watches a stranger in its home. Summoning one of the men Maurice asked him to

show us the surrounding country. It was late in the afternoon when we set out. The native, with a spear which he carried over his shoulder as it it were an axe, moved silently ahead of us, glancing about him all the time, stopping to point out the spoor of an animal, then beckoning us on with a finger over his lips. Almost unconsciously we followed him in the very way he moved, treading lightly, expectantly, on the look-out for we knew not what. We had not gone far before the native suddenly stopped dead, and stood pointing in front of him to a long wide clearing in the bush. I could see that the trees had been broken and trampled down, making a path that led to the river. "Ndhlovu!" whispered the native. "Elephant!" Blundering across the parched land towards the sweet smell of water we could see where they had plunged down the slopes and immersed themselves in the cool streams. With a look of fear on his face the native eyed their traces for a few moments, then all of a sudden he jerked up his black head, sniffed the air, while his eyeballs rolled round in their sockets with excitement and pleasure. His black lips parted, showing two rows of beautiful teeth. "Lalela!" he murmured, "Listen!" I could hear nothing. I followed the direction of his eyes and then, amongst the trees some hundred yards ahead, I saw a long dark line of movement, like a slow train seen through some thick bush, indistinct. A moment later, as if from nowhere, the dark line appeared as a herd of eland. Behind me I heard Maurice draw in his breath. Incredible it seemed that so many and such heavy creatures, larger than horses, can travel with so little sound. Their feet, as they loped forward, moved with the precision and care of human thieves at night, creeping in and out among the shadows of the branches in the sun. A great bull, all alone in front, was leading, resting every now and then on three legs to listen, his pointed ears flung out sideways to catch the faintest note of a human voice, while his head was thrust forward, muzzle raised, to avoid

the crash of his long horns in the trees above. Then off again, stealing along slowly towards the river, each hoof placed on the earth with perhaps only a little less soft a sound than might be made by the naked foot of a child on mown grass. Trembling a little with a queer excitement, we watched them make their way to the water, in ones and twos, a seemingly endless line of eland. They reminded me of rather sullen cows walking down a straight road, aimlessly, one behind the other, yet the thrill of watching them was evident even in the native who had known and seen them all his life. Slowly they descended the bank to the river, and there, fetlock deep, flank to flank on the water's edge, we saw them part their forelegs, lower their long necks, and drink.

I turned and looked at Maurice. He was leaning against a tree, his hands clenched, his eyes unusually bright, and his lips twisted into a smile whose meaning I could not interpret. "God, makes you long for a rifle, doesn't it?" he said.

* * * *

It was very warm and comfortable under the blankets; the heap of grass beneath them was as soft as a real bed; and the morning dew lay so thick on my hair that to move would mean allowing its cold dampness to trickle down into the warmth within. With only one eye open I could see the river below; beyond it an arch of gold was rising, growing gradually larger, above the distant horizon; the standing water shone like a long sheet of brass, reflecting the black bushes on the further bank where a duiker was walking slowly down the sand, its thin legs like sticks sinking deep as it moved towards the flaming river. I was acutely aware of an unearthly stillness in the air; there was no sound, yet I knew that all about me a million voiceless creatures were moving silently through the undergrowth and trees.

A drop of dew fell from my hair, trickled down my forehead; I was about to brush it away when I was

startled by a cry from Maurice. "Man! There're some duck! Quick, get your gun!"

Sitting up, I stared at the sky overhead. At first I could see no sign of anything. Then, in the far distance, following the course of the river, a long line of specks coming towards us caught my eye. I put my hand out for my gun, slung a bag of cartridges over my shoulder, and got up.

"Get down, idiot!" whispered Maurice, excitedly, kneeling on his blankets with his gun ready, "don't move or they'll see you!"

We sat still in silence, waiting. The specks grew slowly into living birds, flying very high, their necks thrust out, travelling towards us at a great speed. They were almost over our heads when Maurice, holding his gun which was so dilapidated that its broken triggers he pulled with the aid of string, whispered: "Now! But yards in front!"

"Miles too high!" I answered, looking up over my head. At the same moment there was a crack from his gun. The line of birds, like sparrows in the sky, parted in the middle, one half flying a little left-handed, the other half continuing their previous line of flight, while from its centre a single bird, doubled-up, leaving a few feathers hanging in the air, came hurtling down. With a smothered plop it landed on the sand between the camp and the river, and lay inert.

"Marvellous!" I cried, with genuine admiration.

For the first time in my life I saw Maurice look at me and really laugh. He laughed outright, from sheer joy, as a child laughs, inhibiting nothing.

Then a curious thing happened. No sooner had I seen the dead bird crash on to the sand and heard Maurice laugh than a whirr of wings made us instinctively grip the guns again. Looking up, I saw that the same flight of duck, only a few yards over our heads, had returned! And, taking aim at one as they retreated in the direction whence they had come, my eyes caught sight

of another flight advancing towards us ; then another, and another! Till the sky all round was flecked with hundreds of birds, some coming, some sheering off down the river, some swooping as if to land, then rising again only to return at a greater height, others flying in circles over our heads, but none going far before they whirled round and came back to the volley of shots we were firing into their midst. The more we fired the more birds appeared. Among them a flock of geese, large as swans, flew over us, round and round, croaking madly, never having known the sound of a gun. In the midst of this an intense excitement seized hold of me. I was firing, taking hardly any aim; I let off shot after shot into the whirling maze of wings. Birds were dropping everywhere, some on the sand, some close beside us thudded into the bush, while others splashed into the river where even a native would not wade for fear of the crocodile which infested it. And all the time an increasing lust was leaping up within me, depriving me of any thought but that above all else I must kill, and kill quick, before it was too late. The fact that this vast quantity of dead birds was useless, that we needed only a certain number to eat and that the others would not keep, never entered my head. I felt nothing save the overwhelming desire to go on shooting. And with the desire I could feel my whole body growing hot in affirmative answer. The gun shook in my hands. When I wished to reload my fingers trembled so that the cartridges hovered round the opening to the smoking barrel, chattered on the edge before, by sheer luck, they fell into their appointed place and I closed the breech and fired again. Each time I pulled the trigger a tight feeling in my chest surged up to my throat; I became breathless in a fever of orgiastic happiness; the barrel was growing so hot that it was only with difficulty I managed to grip it at all with my left hand; my head felt as if it were about to split as each report rent the air, which by now was filled with all manner of birds careering crazily above us in the sky . . . and

yet some wild force over which I possessed not the slightest control drove me on, refusing to allow either thought or reason to intervene.

Then, only in a moment when the barrel burned my hand so that at last I was compelled to desist, I dropped the gun at my feet and, still trembling all over, turned to Maurice. He seemed possessed of the same frenzy as had overwhelmed myself. He was kneeling on the blankets, loading, firing blindly into the sky, unloading, loading again, his hands shaking just as mine were, and on his face a look that struck me with horror as one of cruel madness. His little eyes were screwed up till they were barely visible, the mouth was twisted into a devilish, insane grin as though he thought by what he was doing he was repaying some unknown God for all the unhappiness that he had known in his life. Had *I* looked like that just now? Or had these last five years . . . ? "Just try not to forget I've had five years . . . sometimes I think . I . . ." In terror I looked away from him.

By this time the birds, realizing the danger, had soared so high that they seemed no larger than hundreds of black stars in the sky. Yet even now they wheeled about in circles, their curiosity still unsatisfied.

Then what in the world was Maurice shooting at?

I followed the direction of his gun and saw, low over the river, a great cloud of pink birds, in thousands, with the golden flame of the rising sun full on their backs, flying serenely, silently towards us. While they flew the water beneath them turned slowly as if from pure cold brass into a cloth of the palest red. I caught my breath, never before having seen flamingoes. Two shots rang out in quick succession. Two long necks turned in and fell, followed by flying pink feathers, into the river . . . a heavy lump rose in my throat, almost choking me, and all of a sudden great hot and blinding tears rolled out of my eyes so that I could not see.

Without thinking, almost before I was aware I had done it, I picked up my gun and hurled it down the slope.

It landed on the last foot of the hill, bounced away, then dropped with a splash beside a dead bird in the water.

"What the hell d'you . . . you must be . . . *mad!*"

I turned to find Maurice staring down at me, shaking in every limb. His eyes were ablaze with anger, and in them I could see the look of pain and hatred that I had known so long. A wave of faintness swept over me; I felt very weak. The tears in my eyes rolled back, my throat relaxed; and, as I sat down, in a flash I saw Fort Insezi. All alone it loomed up before me, like a black spot on a brown table. It was just a native village with one brick house outside it, where Maurice Macadam and I lived.

Wealth and Population

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

WHAT is the relation of wealth to population? A very pertinent question this at a time when so many people seem to have convinced themselves that there are too many of us. Indeed, birth-control is not only practised by all classes, but has even the assent, declared or implied, of many ministers of religion. The only decided stand against it is made by the Roman Catholic Church, which speaks with no uncertain voice. The Church of England speaks of it with several voices. Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, declares that "those countries like Italy, South Ireland and Japan which refuse to have population checks are a menace to the peace of the world," and that it is the duty of the Church to "use all its influence to prevent a dangerous growth of population likely to lead to war."

This astonishing reference to Ireland, which ignores the fact that that country has been so shorn of its youth by migration that it has not merely a very small population, but one that has to support an undue proportion of old age pensioners, is somewhat remarkable. As for Italy, her birth-rate is now roundly very much what ours was in years that were as yesterday. As for Japan, her birth-rate is now a little higher than the English birth-rate of so recent a year as 1901 and of the same order of magnitude as our birth-rate in 1925! I wonder if Dr. Barnes thinks that peace would have been furthered in 1901 or 1925 if some Japanese religious dignitary had hurled at us across the world racial reproach.

The words of the Bishop of Birmingham are fitly mentioned here because they illustrate a wide, almost universal ignorance of the facts of a very serious case. The population question sums all other questions. The race renews or dies. White civilization continues to lead the world or it goes under. The British Empire remains

or it goes the way of other empires. These issues are surely of too much importance to be trifled with. Is it too much to ask of a statesman or a bishop that he should not proceed to utterance upon what is an issue of life or death without making acquaintance with the facts?

It is fair to add that no one need be ashamed of being badly informed on the subject, for never before did a great issue ripen so rapidly or change its dimensions so deceptively. It is a case in which to remember the facts of yesterday without consulting the facts of to-day is to deceive oneself. In 1901 the birth-rate of England and Wales was 28·5 per thousand of the population, only 2·0 less than in 1838. As recently as 1913, the year before the War broke out, it was 24·1. In 1920 it was 25·5—that is, it was not far removed from that Japanese figure which the Bishop of Birmingham thinks so scandalous. Six more years elapsed, and the Registrar-General reported of the last quarter of 1931 that our birth-rate had fallen to 14·6—the lowest in any quarter since the establishment of civil registration. The ancient conception of successful war was to destroy an enemy. The modern conception of a successful peace is for a nation to destroy itself.

Reporting on the census of 1931, the Registrar-General pointed out that England and Wales had fallen to a birth-rate lower than that of any other country except Sweden. He also showed that a birth-rate of 19·5 was necessary if the population was not to decline; we are thus five points below the rate necessary merely to maintain the population. In some districts the rate has fallen to 12, and it appears only too likely that that rate or less will become the common rule. We have now to reckon not only with an intensive birth-control propaganda furthered by the existence of a network of clinics specially established to give instruction in the use of contraceptives, but with a psychology of economic depression and defeat created by a thousand mischievous agencies, and an accompanying campaign of " economy "

which is striking at marriage and family life. Simultaneously, the further depopulation of rural areas, the crowding of nearly one-half the population into seven small spots, and the growth of commercialized amusements and pseudo-sports which goes with these things, are increasingly creating a profound distaste for any sort or kind of personal responsibility. Thus everything works together to one end, the decline of Britain.

With that decline, curiously, there appears a wider consciousness of the existence of the British Empire. While the Mother Country was growing vigorously, the Empire bulked little either in public utterance or private thought. Now that the main fountain of the Empire's white population is drying up, we hear much of Imperial expansion and the worth of colonial markets. Apparently it is not realized that in the fourth of the world flying the British flag there are only 70 million white people—a number hardly greater than is locked within the 182,000 square miles left to Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. In all the Empire outside Great Britain and Ireland there are only some 20 million white people. In the Dominions the birth-rate is universally falling, even while the Mother Country is set upon decline. What avails it, then, to talk of Dominion markets when the Dominions consist of largely undeveloped spaces?

These facts, to which I have again and again drawn attention, are fully recognized in the serious report just presented by the Committee on Imperial Migration of the Economic Advisory Council. This document points out with truth that British emigrants are drawn from those elements in our population we can least spare, even while our youth is so sadly diminishing. Our people have become sophisticated town-dwellers to a degree unknown in any other country in the world, and the Committee would have failed in its duty if it had not pointed out that we need to keep at home the very people who, upon the return of prosperity in the Dominions, will be sought by them. Dealing with the

economic effect of British migration the Committee say:

(1) That in view of the progressive decline in our birth-rate, and the likelihood of a gradual readjustment of our industrial life to post-war conditions, it is hardly likely that large-scale emigration would be economically advantageous.

(2) That in view of our post-war economic difficulties emigration would be economically advantageous for us as an emergency policy for the next few years, though carrying certain disadvantages as a result of its selective tendencies.

In a telling passage they add: "Now that it might suit us to send large numbers of our people to the Dominions, it does not suit the Dominions to receive them. When the time comes when the Dominions will again welcome immigrants it may not be to our economic interest to supply the need." Yet it is vital for Imperial interests that the British population of the Dominions should be greatly increased. Already foreign critics are pointing to those great unoccupied territories, the use of which the world needs, and asking whether it is fair that they should be withheld from other races even while Britain herself uses them fractionally. An American writer, Professor Warren S. Thompson, in his *Danger Spots in World Population*, has charged Britain and France, who between them hold nearly one-half of the world's habitable area, with acting the part of "dog in the manger" because they possess and yet fail to develop some of the world's most productive areas. When we reflect upon the Continent of Australia with only 6½ million people, half of whom live in seven towns, and the beautiful islands of New Zealand with some 1,500,000 people, we must agree with the Committee that "the solidarity and internal strength of the British Commonwealth will come to depend more and more on the continued growth of the British elements in the population of the Dominions, and that the maintenance of this

solidarity is an important factor in maintaining world peace."

So far as the British Empire as a whole is concerned, no question arises of life saturation. It may amuse or edify to discuss, in connection with some old-established civilization, the term " optimum population "—the point at which the economic forces of a country can sustain no more life. It is trifling with the subject to question whether one-fourth of the world's area — roundly 13,600,000 square miles of territory—can support more than 70 million white people in addition to its present population of other races. The British Empire could be developed to support hundreds of millions of white people, even if science did no more for agriculture and industry than is known to-day. In fact, however, as we have begun to realize in recent years, science has hardly begun its attack upon agricultural method, and undoubtedly it is destined to cause many units of food to grow where one can be grown now.

It is impossible for the Imperial issue not to dominate in our minds the population question. The Dominions cannot prosper without people. They have thousands of miles of railways which cannot pay because they have so little to do. They have great water-powers, as in New Zealand, running to waste because there are so few people to avail themselves of magnificent potential resources. They have great fertilities which do not yield their proper quota to the world's organic product because they are held out of use. Let us not suppose that this under-development of so much of the world is a matter which solely concerns the few inhabitants of those regions. The world is becoming increasingly conscious of its needs and its supplies, and it cannot be indifferent to so much neglect. That is the plain issue of the population question in relation to Imperial affairs. Our people at home are being encouraged to look upon the Dominions as unlimited markets, but it ought to be obvious that as the total consuming power of the

Dominions resides in some four million families, great expansion can only be achieved through greatly increased populations. The prosperity and maintenance of the British Empire is bound up with the population issue.

Let us pass to an insular view of Great Britain. Is our island overcrowded? Has it more than an optimum population? Is the appearance since the war of a number of unemployed so great that the day-count has rarely been smaller than a million and has reached nearly three millions, a definite sign of over-population? Many have persuaded themselves that the answer to these questions is Yes, that Britain no longer possesses the means to maintain all her people in comfort, and that we ought to welcome the prospect of decline. To this pessimism I give what I believe to be an answer based upon true economic considerations.

It is perfectly true that the British economy was hard hit by the very measures which had to be taken to win the war. The British trading fabric, indeed, was deliberately pulled to pieces to form a war organization. The war at an end, the war organization was suddenly discarded and commerce scrambled to its feet again. The peculiar nature of the British economy, dependent as it was upon a great export and import trade, made this an exceedingly hazardous adventure, and if there is cause for surprise it is surely that the undertaking as a whole suffered so little by being put to such an extremity of hazard. The war dislocation was followed by an extraordinary fall in the purchasing value of the silver countries, by political upheaval in India, by an exacerbation of national feeling leading to the erection of towering tariff walls, by the discarding of coal by shipping, and by war debt and reparation payments damming the normal channels of trade. Surely an astonishing concatenation of evil circumstances for the greatest trading nation! For Britain to have maintained and even increased the standard of life of the masses of her people in such conditions is a matter for some

congratulation; it is no cause for surprise that so much economic friction has brought distress to many people. There is surely also cause for congratulation in that the social and industrial legislation of the early years of this century brought such relief to the sufferers that our people as a whole enjoy, despite the post-war troubles, a greater degree of comfort than was enjoyed in good trade in years gone by when our population was so much smaller. I myself am not very old, but I well remember the days of distress of my youth when destitution only too plainly appeared in our thoroughfares. I am necessarily speaking in relative terms. I am not one who believes that "prosperity" in its real sense has ever been achieved by the masses of the people of this or any other country; I speak of the variations of vicissitude in a population which has never yet escaped from poverty when I say that things, however bad now, are better than they were in days of old, and that it is therefore not true that increasing population has been accompanied by increasing poverty. To-day, in 1932, the average factory girl is better fed and better dressed than was many a middle-class girl in the eighteen-eighties or eighteen-nineties.

There is no reason whatever to believe that the adverse factors of which we have spoken are permanent. If we take the worst of them, the disuse of coal at sea, we have a cause which has struck heavily at the British mining industry, but it is one that will pass. The amount of petroleum in the world is very limited, and it is only dirt cheap now because a host of private exploiters are all simultaneously marketing what is really a scanty product. Coal will long outlive oil, even if we do not discover how commercially to distil oil from coal. When, to pass from coal to larger issues, we consider the markets of the world taken as a whole, there is no ground for fear that the best has been. So far the world has only scratched its resources. It was not until the end of the nineteenth century that the scientific advance

got under way, and the years immediately preceding the war showed that it was quite untrue that an accelerating world advance was inconsistent with the maintenance of British exports. No economist needs a demonstration of the point, for it ought to be obvious that the imports of one country are the exports of another. Let it be noted here that in the first thirteen years of this century, bringing us to the eve of the World War, there was an all-round advance in trade of a most remarkable character. In that period, British exports almost doubled; in 1900, a year of extraordinarily good trade, they were 291 millions; in 1931 they were 525 millions! In the same period the United States, Germany, France and other countries made very similar increases in their exports. By far the greater part of this expansion of British and world trade figures was due to volume; it was a real advance. There was found to be room for all. Why, then, should we imagine, because the war interrupted this great gain, that development will never be renewed, or that Great Britain will have no opportunity to share in it? The British workshop remains an ideal economic power unit, and nothing but sheer incompetence could deprive it of value. If, in the days before us, Britain cannot export, although possessing the finest coalfields close to good ports in all the world, what chance is possessed by less favoured countries? We ought to need not only our present working power but an even greater one to cope with the call for equipment which presently will come from all parts of our largely undeveloped world.

Not infrequently we encounter expressions of opinion that the great increase in the productive power of machinery makes, and will make, it increasingly difficult to provide for our population. The machine is pictured as a producer of unemployment, and we find ourselves back in the regions of crude belief which marked those early years in the age of engineering when ignorant poor men, imbued with the very ideas now entertained by

many people who believe themselves educated, went about in masked gangs breaking up the machines which they thought would take bread from their mouths. In those unhappy far-off days the population of all England and Wales was not as great as that of Greater London now. If the 8,900,000 people who formed the total population of England and Wales in 1801 have grown to 40 millions in 1932, it is through the increased productivity of machinery. It is not a little sad that it should be necessary in our day to point out that whatever increases productivity increases the means of life and provides for a larger population. The fallacy of viewing the machine as a destroyer of employment lies in forgetfulness of the fact that the desires of men are for practical purposes unlimited and that we have not yet fractionally filled the common wants of the people at large, even in the most advanced nations. It will be time enough to talk of machines destroying employment when our ten million families are all comfortably housed and cared for. When that happy consummation is reached, we shall be able to welcome any further scientific advance as the means of procuring an increased quantity of that desirable form of unemployment which we call leisure.

Fortunately, however, we have not to take a merely insular view; the British people have not to think of their heritage as consisting of one peculiarly beautiful and fortunate island. The great commonwealth of nations founded by the adventurous islanders calls aloud for adequate planning and development. It should inspire to courageous statesmanship and to individual enterprise. It should prevent the indiscriminate preaching of birth-control. It should nerve the timid who fear to found families. Its possession should convince the British people that in fact they possess the greatest territorial heritage in the world, and that, if they cannot find the means to prosper, other peoples must indeed be in a sad way.

If I have seemed in these words to oppose birth-

control, I would like to make it quite plain that this thing, like so many others, is one which must be considered and judged in point of degree. The sun is the very life of the earth, but no animal is so foolish as to over-expose itself to the sun's rays. We are of water mainly composed, like all living creatures, but it is quite possible to drown in that essential fluid. Birth-control is extraordinarily good up to a point, but beyond that point it means racial death. In these days of sanitation and hygiene there is, of course, no need whatever for the families of twelve to twenty which, whether born to rich or poor, filled the churchyards in the old days. On the other hand, if the people of a country do not mate, and if pairs are not born to mated pairs, the population must die out, and it is high time we took note of the fact that Britain has already begun to die out. The nation is not now producing pairs to succeed pairs, and presently, as the ageing present generation passes, the fact will reveal itself in a population that will fall rapidly even if no emigration takes place.

It is an issue which has to be decided by the people themselves, under whatever guidance they can obtain. At present the only clear guidance is on the one hand from the eager propagandists of birth-control, who have already succeeded beyond their own knowledge, and on the other hand from the admonitions of the Roman Catholic Church, which addresses itself to a small minority of the population. In all Europe there is only one leading statesman, Mussolini, who appears to have any clear ideas on the subject; he may be right or he may be wrong, but he does know where he stands, and he publicly proclaims his belief that a woman's finest jewels are her children. Here no authoritative voice is heard to remind women that in resigning motherhood they deprive themselves at once of health, of mental poise, and of happiness, even while they deprive their country of a future. Surely someone might have the

courage to speak out and to say that while Britain has no need for big families, it does need average families of something over two, and that average families of three or four might keep the Empire alive.

We have thus reviewed the major parts of a great problem. There are, however, other parts upon which I have strong opinions, but upon which I cannot pretend to speak with any degree of authority. It may be well, as one who has thought a good deal about the whole question, to endeavour to sum the issue, and I do this under seven heads, as follows :

(1) Britain, through an amazingly rapid fall in the birth-rate since the war, is already in virtual decline. Even if the present low birth-rate is maintained, the population will soon show an actual decline. That actual decline is likely to be rapid, for there is good reason to fear that the birth-rate will fall to twelve per thousand, or even to less than one per cent.

(2) The diminishing supply of new births is rapidly raising the average age of the population. Charged with the care of an increasing proportion of the aged, the nation will lose virility and enterprise.

(3) The British Empire, apart from the British Isles, includes one-fourth of the world, but contains only some 20 million white people of all races, whose birth-rate is rapidly falling. This, while the Mother Country is depriving itself of the means to people the empty Dominions.

(4) A number of other white countries are also set upon decline, and in nearly all white countries the birth-rate is falling; it follows that the white leadership of the world is threatened.

(5) Birth-control is obviously destructive of family life; yet the family is the true unit of the nation and without its anchorage bodies and souls alike perish.

(6) Women who do not bear children are subject to certain serious physical and mental disabilities.

(7) The life of both men and women is a sorry thing without children, and in particular it is pitiful for women to become aged without the natural and lovely consolation of having borne children.

If what I have written is true, birth-control, practised in such a degree as to destroy the family and reduce the race, is an evil destructive of civilization. It is therefore of the gravest importance to decide whether what I have written is true.

Prescriptions for China

By E. M. Gull

(*Being a free paraphrase of a recent conversation upon "The Capital Question of China," by Lionel Curtis.*)

WANG SENIOR: Now! Now! Now! Be fair. Remember, "scholars are more disposed than others to suffer from the mouths of men."

WANG JUNIOR: Father! If you quote Mencius at me again, or any other of your old fogies, I'll—— I tell you, this writer's patronage irritates me! Listen to this: "This isolated people resembles a vast body of ore ready to yield metals that are useful, precious and beautiful, *when metallurgists have learned how to treat its refractory qualities.*" And listen to this: "Incidentally he mentioned that he could not remember a single day during his tenure of office in Mexico when he had not spent at least two hours with one or other of the Mexican Ministers. In thinking over this conversation I felt that one with the gifts of Dwight Morrow might leave a deeper mark on history as American Minister to China even than as President of the United States." Then take this: "Lord Cromer developed in Egypt a regime the like of which has never been seen in the world before. He established order and created such an era of prosperity *as the peasants of the Nile had never enjoyed in their long history.*" You see! That's how he sees us, as Mexicans, as peasants of the Nile! We are to be the raw material for Dwight Morrows and Cromers to make precious and beautiful!

WANG SENIOR: Mm! Well, after all, isn't that rather amusing? Don't forget your grandfather used to speak of all foreigners as barbarians. Besides, the writer refers to Cromer in connection with English public opinion and says definitely that his pages aren't meant for Chinese readers.

WANG JUNIOR: For which very reason they are all the more illuminating. It is not from what people say

to, but from what they say about, us that we get to know what they really think.

WANG SENIOR: Aren't you young men inclined to be hypersensitive? Remember what my *Aphorisms for Young China* says: "Be dressed by a foreign tailor if you like; but be fully prepared for the shock of his mirrors."

WANG JUNIOR: Listen! You remember Jones? Jones the die-hard, that chap whom we both like because he amuses us so much? I had a letter from him this morning. This is what he says:—

> "Just finished Curtis' book. Agree with some of it, too, which will surprise you until I add that the part I agree with is the part about making you fellows stick to treaties. (Don't be offended! That's the best of being pals, I don't have to pretend.) You'll find the bit I mean on page 272. Apart from that, however, he's still on the same old tack. Now, I've just come back from India and am at present touring Ireland, and if it wasn't for my sense of humour I should wax caustic about what is said on the cover of the book. As it is I'll merely remark . . ."

WANG SENIOR (*twinkling*): That "there are cases in which the blade springs but the plant does not go on to flower; cases where it flowers but no fruit is subsequently produced."

WANG JUNIOR: Father, you're incorrigible! First Mencius and now Confucius! However, I'll quote Confucius back at you. "He who is not in any particular office has nothing to do with plans for the administration of its duties."

WANG SENIOR: Good for you! It certainly *is* odd the way the British mistrust their experts and honour their amateurs. But they're an odd people, as their own poet, Kipling, has told them plainly.

WANG JUNIOR: Salaams, father! I never gave you the credit of having heard of him, let alone read him.

WANG SENIOR: You probably haven't given me credit for reading the book that's made you so cross, either. But I have, and what's more, having let you have

your head, you're now going to listen to what I think about it, for it is an interesting book.

WANG JUNIOR: Salaams again, my father!

WANG SENIOR: To lead off with, and by way of testing your filial devotion to the uttermost, I'll start with what you'll be pleased to call another Confucian tag.

WANG JUNIOR: Oh! Oh! Oh!

WANG SENIOR: "What I dislike in your wise men is their boring out their conclusions." Let us examine this writer's premises. See! I've made some notes. He starts with this:—

> "The idea which has vitalized Western society was first conceived in the city-republics of ancient Greece. Their citizens were conceived as subject only to the collective authority of the local community of which they were members, expressed in the form of ascertainable laws derived from the reasoned experience of the people themselves. For more than two thousand years Western civilization has been slowly translating this dynamic idea into institutions."

Now here is what Maine says about Greek democracy:—

> "There have been so-called democracies which have rendered services beyond price to civilization, but they were only peculiar forms of aristocracy. The short-lived Athenian democracy, under whose shelter art, science and philosophy shot so wonderfully upwards, was only an aristocracy which rose on the ruins of one much narrower. The splendour which attracted the original genius of the civilized world to Athens was provided by the severe taxation of a thousand subject cities, and the skilled labourers who worked under Phidias and who built the Parthenon were slaves."

WANG JUNIOR: Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never——

WANG SENIOR: Precisely. I see you get my point in advance, as I should expect a son of mine to do. England, like China, has done without slavery. But England, like China, was for centuries governed

by her best. When that song you've just quoted was written England was in effect ruled by her aristocrats, who skilfully followed the example of their predecessors in employing a number of democratic institutions limited in scope and at once balanced and co-ordinated by the institution of kingship. To-day her aristocracy is, in the main, a fictitious one, and the balance of her institutions has been further upset by an indiscriminate process of counting heads. The result of this experiment, which has only recently been inaugurated, is extremely doubtful.

WANG JUNIOR: Doubtful not in England only. Elsewhere——

WANG SENIOR: Precisely. Here's another of my notes. This is what *The Times* said a little while ago :—

> "More and more the middle parties, the backbone of the parliamentary system, are being hard put to it to hold their own, and are being compelled to bury their former antagonism and to unite in order to protect themselves from the dangers that threaten them on their Right and on their Left. Fascism, Hitlerism, the dictatorship of Spain and Yugoslavia and others are threatening or have already destroyed the old parliamentarianism: and the struggles of the next decade in Europe are likely to be primarily internal."

Maine anticipated that. You'll remember that after reviewing the history of democratic government, he says :—

> "It is manifest that as far as they go they"—i.e. the facts—"do little to support the assumption that popular government has an indefinitely long future before it. Experience rather tends to show that it is characterized by great fragility, and that since its appearance all forms of government have become more insecure than they were before."

WANG JUNIOR: Yes, Sun Wen was perfectly right. He says definitely that the methods of Western democracy cannot be our model or guide. The idea that sovereignty must have popular support, and is

bound up with popular welfare, is another matter. Nobody who has really studied our history can describe that conception as new to us. And for its modern expression we are inevitably using borrowed terms. To some extent, too, we shall employ Western technique. But that does not mean that we shall model our government upon Western institutions.

WANG SENIOR: I agree. Mr. Curtis, however, disregards all that. Instead he gives us the oddest description of British institutions. He says :—

> "In our international relations with China the best service we can do her is to stick courteously and patiently but persistently to the principle of exactitude in word and deed which lies at the root of all that is best in our institutions."

Compare that with Low. *He* says :—

> "In this age of railways and wireless telegraphy and flying machines we are still guided by the authority of legislators who knew nothing of steam power, and sometimes even by precedents drawn from the acts of sovereigns and statesmen who died before the invention of gunpowder and printing."

In another passage he remarks :—

> "The political systems of the self-governing British colonies, which are modelled on that of the Mother-Country, differ from it fundamentally in this respect. They are created by Parliamentary enactment and a statute like the Dominion of Canada Act, or the Australian Commonwealth Act is a constitution like that of the United States. It is possible for a court of law to interpret its terms on strictly legal principles and to pronounce whether any executive or legislative transaction is *ultra vires* or not. But what is *ultra vires* when done by the Imperial Parliament of Britain, or by the Executive Government under its presumed authority? It is a question of opinion and of opinion which varies from time to time."

Add to those quotations Jenks' view that "the student of English Judiciary law rarely finds a principle

laid down in clear and simple terms in the judgments which constitute the record of the law" and our friend's generalization upon English institutions seems one to be avoided by British Ministers sent to China.

WANG JUNIOR: It is to be hoped, too, that they'll go a little more thoroughly than he has into our attitude towards law.

WANG SENIOR: I agree. He confuses two different things, our conception of the place which law should hold in government and our attitude towards obligations as such. The Confucian view was "if the people be led by laws and their conduct be regulated by punishments, they will have no sense of shame. Lead them by virtue and they will become good." Or as he says elsewhere: "I can try a lawsuit as well as other men but surely the great thing is to bring it about that there be no going to law." Considered from the standpoint of modern civilization that doctrine is, of course, open to criticism. Indeed, it is open to criticism from other standpoints also. But to suggest that the doctrine implies, or condones, a lax sense of obligations is on the face of it erroneous. Actually, had either our conception, or our fulfilment, of contractual obligations been what the writer (on pages 265–67) suggests, would the saying that a "Chinaman's word is as good as his bond" ever have won the currency it earned for itself? Would China's foreign trade, much of it conducted until recently without any written contracts at all, have grown to the dimensions it has reached to-day? Would all parties in China, notwithstanding their acute differences, have agreed—as so far they have done—to keep the proportion of the Customs revenue required for the service of foreign loans out of the arena of party strife? Moreover, for all Europe's possession of laws and courts admittedly superior to ours, have any of the financial scandals which occur in China exceeded, or even equalled, in villainy

and disastrous consequences those of Hatry and Kreuger?

(*There is a knock at the door and a Chinese "boy" enters, wearing* (*unlike his masters*) *Chinese dress.*)

"BOY": Master. One Flenchman have got. B'long that fliend plenty time pay you dinner Shanghai-side.

WANG SENIOR: Chang! I brought you to London to learn English as it is spoken here, *not* as it's spoken in Shanghai.

BOY (*twinkling*): Master, suppose my no talkie pidgin, my no can catchee cumsha. Suppose my talkie Inglis all-er-same Master *my* must pay cumsha. More better my talkie pidgin.

WANG SENIOR (*giving it up*): Can see. (*To his son, reflectively*) The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon temperaments, how different in many ways they are! I honestly believe that the British are the best friends we've got. I honestly believe that they want to help us, and that we need their help. But (*shrugging his shoulders*) the desire shown by so many of them to remodel the world on their own patterns; the way in which they commingle that desire with moral claims and then compound the two as a doctor makes a prescription are—— (*To the Frenchman as he enters*) Aha! Mon vieux! Comment ça va?

Two Sonnets from Ronsard

By Humbert Wolfe

I.

HELEN, I swear upon this first of May
by Castor and by Pollux, your high kin,
by dappled elms with the vine's greener skin,
by meads, by forests, tossing into spray,
by spring, the first in Nature's lap to play,
by cut-glass streams that glitter out and in,
by nightingale, the singing Paladin,
you are the last delight of all my day.
You alone please me; you, deliberate
nor with caprice, I cherish in your youth,
for all my grateful heart is yours already.
I am, God knows, the author of my fate,
so let your virtue be its bail and truth,
but should it fail, why then farewell, bright lady!

II.

When with long draughts I tipple at your eyes
love's nectar I am blinded on the second,
and, drunk with wilder sweet than aught I reckoned,
distraught in mind, I reel through Paradise.
My heart beats in my breast: fears paralyze
my lively heat, and all my sense, far beckoned,
faints on the air, while you with that are quickened
—the name of Proud—whereof your lover dies.
Your levin looks pierce skin and body and heart,
sharper than arrows in the utter soul,
and when I cry aloud on love's sweet error,
or beg some little mercy for his smart,
you do but freeze the voice your eyes control,
and hold me speechless in your beauty's terror.

Aggression and the Problem of Weapons

By Liddell Hart

NO man has done more to revive the offensive power of armies and to shield the soldier against useless slaughter than General Fuller. To his initiative as chief staff officer of the Tank Corps in the war was largely due the development of a method which rescued soldiers from the abysmal prospect of further Sommes and Passchendaeles. To his untiring advocacy of " armoured warfare " ever since, the present soldier owes as much for what has been done to avert a repetition of such barren attacks. That more has not been done is not his fault. His courage and insight have, indeed, been ill repaid.

It is natural, therefore, that he should view with concern any proposal that may appear to check the equipment of the soldier with tools adequate to overcome resistance. It would be natural for any general, thinking of the potential task of attack that he prepares for, to oppose the restriction of weapons—the principle of qualitative disarmament.

But there is a higher point of view than the general's —that of the statesman. It is the statesman's task to protect his country from attack, and its men from the necessity of having to deliver attacks.

No soldier assuredly has shown more capacity than General Fuller, in his writings, to rise to this higher plane. But the arguments in his article " What is an Aggressive Weapon? " in the last number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW are couched on the lower plane. That article gives one the impression that, seeing in the idea of qualitative disarmament an apparent threat to his foster-child, the tank, he rushed to its defence without reflecting on the higher interest, and without appreciating the real aim of qualitative disarmament for the statesman's purpose.

He sums up his own argument in the words, " A time

may come when there is another war, and nothing will be more pitiful to us than to see thousands of our men slaughtered in cold blood because the very means which would mitigate this slaughter have been denied to us in the name of peace and humanity." But prevention is better than cure—and once war has begun any cure for the wastage of life is a highly uncertain one, because of the likelihood that the opponent may have ready, or may develop, means to avert that easy slaughter of his own men which is implied by our possession of a means potent enough to diminish the slaughter of our men.

General Fuller justly argues that the destructive nature of a war depends on its length. General Sun enunciated the same truth 5,000 years B.C. It appears to me a reasonable deduction that a quick decision in war implies the victory of the aggressor, of the nation which has prepared for war as the instrument of a designedly aggressive policy. Such a quick end would have come if Germany had gained victory in 1914, and could only have come by her victory. Hence, such arguments as General Fuller uses seem to have a dubious foundation—especially on moral grounds. By contrast, the just reason for the restriction of weapons as a method of disarmament lies in the fact that by curtailing the initial power of aggression it may hinder an aggressor getting his own way—and from being justified by facts established through force. For this nation especially, whose supreme interest is peace, and whose Empire is scattered, any measure which may put a check on the power of sudden aggression, and the possibility of its rapid success, would seem to have particular value.

Now, it is surely indisputable that any strengthening of the defensive at the expense of the offensive is a discouragement to aggression. At the outset of the last war there was among the general staffs of all countries an unwarranted confidence in the power of the offensive, but it soon became clear that the defence had a definite superiority over the attack. This superiority of the

defence was due above all to the development of the machine-gun, supplemented by barbed wire and entrenchments. These facts are generally recognized, and have been pointed out by no one more strongly than by General Fuller himself in his writings. The only means whereby the attack was enabled to make partial headway in face of such defence was by the use, first, of an overwhelming mass of heavy artillery, and second, by the use of tanks. This again has been emphasized by no one more strongly than by General Fuller.

Thus it logically follows that if we restrict these two means we place a definite handicap on the offensive, and so on aggression. I cannot see how anyone can reasonably deny this elementary deduction—least of all General Fuller. The issue can only be obscured by drawing in side issues, and by arguments which evade the real point. It is easier to quibble than to construct. Thus the technical experts at Geneva have recently been " sapping " the principle of qualitative disarmament for which the British delegate gained unanimous approval early in May, by concentrating on the term " offensive weapons," and on the mere letter instead of the spirit. Naturally all weapons can be called " offensive "—in the sense they can inflict injury on the body of an enemy ! And all weapons can be useful to the defence as well as to the attack. This fact is so obvious that one would wonder at the expenditure of breath in discussing it, were it not so palpably creating a verbal smoke-screen round the whole issue.

The point of the qualitative principle is not that certain weapons are in themselves more offensive than others, but that they alone make it possible under modern conditions to make a decisive offensive against a neighbouring country. Abolish such weapons by agreement, and there would be little chance of successful aggression—and so a real discouragement to any would-be aggressor. Here is the essential argument for the qualitative method.

On land certainly all modern war experience establishes that if heavy artillery and heavy tanks were abolished an invading army would have practically no prospect of success in the offensive. It could not hope to force its way across any frontier that was thoroughly fortified, and would have a very much diminished prospect of forcing its way across any frontier that was protected by a chain of machine-gun emplacements, whose defensive strength could be quickly reinforced by the power that motorization now gives for rushing up machine-guns rapidly to any threatened spot.

General Fuller himself admits that it is possible definitely to block the Franco-German and Franco-Italian frontiers, but declares that it is not practical to suggest that such open frontiers as the German-Polish or Polish-Russian could be adequately protected if heavy artillery and heavy tanks were abolished. He even goes so far as to assert that the " most aggressive weapon " on such open frontiers would be the " everyday motor-car " equipped with a machine-gun. Here he seems to me to under-rate the defensive value of such a chain of machine-gun emplacements as I have suggested, and to overlook the fact that a machine-gun rushed up in an everyday motor-car is far more effective as a reinforcement to the defence than as an instrument of attack. I cannot see an unarmoured motor-car making much headway against a machine-gun firing from behind cover.

It would be foolish to pretend that any solution may be a complete solution—as foolish as to portray anything in terms of black and white. It is only the technical experts who use this as an argument for doing nothing. For practical purposes it suffices if a solution is reasonably effective, and does something towards achieving the object in view. And I cannot see how anyone can deny that the abolition of heavy artillery and heavy tanks would be a definite handicap to the offensive, and so a discouragement to aggression. Thus it is beside the point to argue that a country that is defending itself needs such weapons

to eject an invader, for the abolition of these weapons would help the defender far more than the invader. It is to the preponderant advantage of the defender to ensure that there can be no invasion in the first place. If there is no possibility of successful attack, there is no need for a counterstroke—and no need for the defender to have the means of making it. Thus only a potential aggressor loses by giving up these essential aids to the offensive.

General Fuller contends that " aggressive power is a relative question. For example, the nineteenth-century rifle is a far more powerful weapon than the eighteenth-century musket; but abolish the rifle and at once the musket regains its lost powers." This argument is not only fallacious, but embodies a contradiction of the point General Fuller is trying to make. For in the days of the musket, inaccurate and short in range, the offensive had the advantage over the defensive. It was the advent of the rifle and its evolution into the machine-gun which gave the defence the advantage over the attack. Hence, if we were to abolish the rifle and machine-gun the attack would regain its lost power. Whereas, if we abolish the heavy gun and tank the defensive superiority of the rifle and machine-gun is inevitably more assured.

The history of the years between 1870 and 1914 provides us with an actual example of the value of strengthening the defence as a deterrent to aggression. After the triumph of the German Army in 1870, the elder Moltke planned afresh to take the offensive through Lorraine in the event of war. In 1879 he tore up this plan and decided to stay on the defensive against France. Why? Because this shrewd soldier realized that the new fortress barrier along the French frontier had made an offensive almost hopeless. His successors came to the same conclusion. But in 1914 the new chief of the general staff, Schlieffen, decided on a different alternative —the plan of avoiding the barrier by going around it through neutral Belgium. For there the fortified defences

were relatively poor, as they were also along the Franco-Belgian frontier beyond. Even so, he was only able to open a path through those weak defences by the aid of heavy mobile artillery, and by the folly of the French in committing their troops to an offensive in Lorraine—through the mistaken belief that "attack is the best defence."

To-day armies are actually less capable of taking the offensive successfully than in 1914—because the proportion of machine-guns and light automatic firearms has immensely increased. In comparison, the increase in heavy artillery has been small, while by comparison with 1918 it has been greatly reduced. And tanks have not been added in numbers sufficient to retrieve this deficiency. I should be willing to lay odds—and I believe General Fuller would also—that failure awaits any of the present armies which take the offensive against an opponent who is adequately equipped with automatic firearms.

So long, however, as armies retain their "tin-openers," the possibility of aggression remains, even though the prospect is diminished. Professional military advisers may still be found to hold out hopes of success to war-minded statesmen, militarily ignorant. Only by making the impotence of the offensive obvious beyond concealment can we remove this potential encouragement. To do this, and to seal the supremacy of the defensive on land, the nations have only to agree on two things. To abolish the heavy gun and the heavy tank. For Germany such agreement is easy, as she has forgone and forsworn these two weapons under the Versailles Treaty. For France it should be easy, because she would thus prove to the world that her army is maintained purely to safeguard her security. And it lies within her reach, by accepting this simple solution, to attain a security against invasion which she has never yet enjoyed.

Under the Versailles Treaty, the German Army is not allowed to possess artillery of larger than a 4-in.

calibre, nor to possess tanks. Now, numbers of men may be " camouflaged " in various ways, as also their numbers of machine-guns and other small arms. But, for practical purposes, a ban on heavy guns and tanks is an effective ban. Even if the manufacture and existence of such bulky and complex machines could be hidden, their value would be slight unless crews could be trained to handle them in gunnery practice and in field exercises. It would be extraordinarily difficult for such use of them to be kept secret. Hence the risk of bad faith is reduced to a minimum; reduced, indeed, as can be done with no other class of weapon that could be chosen for abolition. And the risk of treaty evasion is, again, far less in the case of abolition than in the case of mere limitation. No Frenchman can really hope to keep Germany at a permanent disadvantage in the nature of her armament, nor to restrain her in perpetuity from having heavy guns and tanks while other countries maintain these weapons. But if they are abolished the new frontier defences of France would automatically acquire an unsurpassable strength and become an almost unassailable insurance. If the nations agree to limit all artillery to a 4-in. calibre, fortifications can make frontiers almost certainly impenetrable to invasion. For to use light artillery against permanent fortifications, or even well-prepared field entrenchments, is like throwing pebbles against a wall. Supplementary to this restriction would be one on the size of tanks. Here the question may be asked: " Why not the abolition of tanks? " The answer lies in the practical difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of distinguishing between the armoured fighting vehicle which we term a " tank " and the lighter type, usually, but not always, on wheels instead of on tracks, which we call an " armoured car." Any suitable commercial vehicle, full-tracked, half-tracked, or six-wheeled, may be fitted with armour plating and adapted for such functions. The difficulty, and absurdity, of any distinction of type has been increased by the development of small and

handy tracked vehicles for moving machine-guns. These armoured machine-gun carriers are tanks in miniature. But they cannot break through fortified defences. Moreover, by their capacity for switching machine-guns rapidly to any threatened point their advent has reinforced the power of modern defence, and so may be counted a reinforcement of peace. And for the same reason it should also pave the way for a reduction of the number of men needed and employed in armies. Heavy tanks, in contrast, are essentially an offensive agent. Unlike heavy artillery, they are powerless against fortifications. But just as heavy artillery are the means of smashing field entrenchments and wire entanglements, so heavy tanks are the means of breaking through these barriers.

Another class of limitation which has been proposed is that on the number of machine-guns and other small arms. Here the practical difficulties in the way of limitation are immense. But I would also say that any such limitation is undesirable—that it would be a direct blow to the cause of peace through disarmament. For it is thanks to the invention and multiplication of automatic firearms that the defensive has gained the upper hand. They fall, really, into the category of fortifications.

Just as there is no menace in developing fortifications so there is none in multiplying light automatic firearms—the more numerous they are the more hopeless does the prospect of *attack* become—and so the stronger becomes the deterrent to a would-be aggressor. If human nature is not ready to eschew aggression on moral grounds, it may be driven to eschew it on military grounds—if the supremacy of the defensive be sealed.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

IF President von Hindenburg had any doubts in his mind whether he was taking the right course in dismissing Dr. Brüning they should have been laid to rest by the protests which his action evoked from the parties of the Left all over Europe. Dr. Brüning, like Herr Stresemann before him, had become a sort of fetish with so-called moderate, but actually Socialist, opinion, because he pursued a Socialist policy without calling himself a Socialist, an essentially dishonest attitude that never fails to commend itself to the politicians and the Press of the post-war world. Hence the cries of horror and exasperation when the idol was overthrown, and a government was set up that is not only anti-Socialist, but is composed of men who, whatever their failings, are realists.

In these circumstances it is particularly unfortunate that so large a portion of the Conservative Press in this country should have indulged in abuse of the new Chancellor and his colleagues. The more responsible British newspapers have behind them a tradition of restraint in their comments on foreign affairs which one is sorry to see thus abandoned, and what useful purpose their proprietors and editors think is served by adopting such a line it is impossible to conjecture. Of course, those of us who are best acquainted with official Conservatism here know only too well with what deep suspicion any revival of Conservatism abroad is always regarded, and the fact that the new German ministers are all gentlemen, and mostly landowners, must necessarily tell heavily against them in nominally Conservative circles in Great Britain.

Had the German President turned to the Left instead of to the Right, his action would have been universally acclaimed as heralding a new dawn, but apparently there cannot be a new dawn when a Conservative administration takes office. Furthermore, the new

Cabinet's vigorous denunciation of Socialism and all its works must have sent a cold shiver down the spine of Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot, and it may be that the almost brotherly affection which these two gentlemen are displaying towards one another at the present time is due to their common apprehension that the virus of anti-Socialism may one day infect London and Paris as well as Rome and Berlin. On this score, however, the British Prime Minister has little to fear so long as the National Government remains in office.

The Swing to the Right

THE Presidential election, the Prussian election, and the elections in one or two of the smaller States had shown quite clearly that the Reichstag, elected nearly two years ago, no longer represented public opinion. Such being the case it was the manifest duty of the President to take cognizance of the fact, and he therefore dismissed Dr. Brüning, whose attempt to cling to office does him no great credit, replacing him by a Chancellor of the same religious persuasion and political party, but with definitely Conservative views. The exact opinion of the German people will not be known until after the election on July 31st, but recent polls have shown a tremendous swing to the Right, and the von Papen administration is but the outward form of this movement.

What the result of the election will be is quite uncertain. That the Nazis will enormously increase their strength cannot be doubted, though they may not win enough seats to give them an absolute majority in the new Reichstag (they require to gain another 182 for this purpose). In that case a coalition of Nazis, Centre, and Nationalists would probably be formed, though Herr Hitler would have to shed a few of his extremists in the process. This would be a revival in another form of the old combination that governed Germany in pre-war days, and to give it effect the present administration would merely require to be remodelled. Those who look for

anything more spectacular or dramatic are probably doomed to disappointment.

In the meantime Germany has been relieved of the Socialist burden under which she has staggered since the Armistice, for it cannot be too often stated that Germany's financial and economic plight, like our own, is primarily due, not to the war, but to Socialism, the doctrines of which have infected every government for the last fourteen years. If the swing to the Right goes so far, as it well may, as the restoration of the monarchy in Prussia and elsewhere, then that will be all to the good, for republicanism has served Germany ill, while the more kings return to their thrones the better for the stability of Europe.

An Infamous Incident

THOSE of us who have suspected that a devotion to principle was not the outstanding characteristic of our rulers in this democratic age have had our worst fears confirmed by Mrs. Knowling in her recent work, *The Dissolution of an Empire* (Murray, 15s.). The author, who is the daughter of the last British Ambassador to Imperial Russia, describes how after the revolution every arrangement had been made for the Czar and the Imperial Family to leave Russia for England, and the German Government had agreed to allow safe-conduct to the ship that conveyed them, when Mr. Lloyd George vetoed the whole scheme on the ground that it would displease the British Labour Party. Mrs. Knowling thus confirms the statement of M. Kerensky, in his book *The Catastrophe*, that "the Royal Family could not be sent abroad because Great Britain had refused to give hospitality to relatives of its Royal House." When the ex-Premier was acquainted with this charge last month he contented himself (*vide* the *Evening Standard* of June 3) with an announcement to the effect that he had "no clear recollection of what happened at that time. . . . Very likely, however, he did give that advice. . . ."

It is surely proof of the depths to which official morality in this country has sunk that the publication of this disgraceful incident has not caused a feeling of horror throughout Great Britain. The reason, one can only suppose, is that England has grown so accustomed to seeing her friends let down by her rulers that she has lost the capacity for surprise when it is shown that the Czar was treated as if he had been an Irish loyalist. In these circumstances it is hardly remarkable that there should be a growing belief throughout the world that it pays better to be the enemy than the friend of Britain.

As for Mr. Lloyd George, he cannot even claim to be a consistent anti-monarchist, for only a few weeks before he sent the Czar to his death he had expressed his willingness to talk peace with the Austrian Emperor. For the fate of the Russian Imperial Family he will at no distant date have to answer to a stricter tribunal than any before which he has yet appeared, and in the interval one cannot imagine that the state of the post-war world, which he did so much to create, can really convince even him that his repeated departures from the ordinary ethics of Christian conduct have been justified by their results.

Conservative Progress in Spain

A SPANISH correspondent writes :—" Spain is in the midst of a great reaction. This people so essentially apathetical have at last been roused by the indignities and the unwarranted interference with what they consider their own private affairs which the government have seen fit to perpetrate. The declaration of Don Alfonso that he would lend himself to no violent movement to bring him back to the throne, and that he would return only when his people had declared their will that he should return to them, has caused a deep impression and aroused the respect of many who were hitherto indifferent. His attitude stands out in happy contrast with that of the syndicalists and communists, who, in spite of their

avowed espousal of the cause of the people, are only increasing the difficulties of their lot by provoking outbreaks of violence in every part of the country."

"As a result, the organization known as Acción Popular, which a few months ago was but an attenuated struggling Conservative association, has now assumed universal proportions redolent with vitality. Branches have been started even in the remotest towns, and the leaders are indefatigable in holding meetings and in expounding their opinions. The results of the work of Acción Popular are being noted at every election that is held. The cultured classes, which previously had been the most confirmed supporters of the Republic, have lately registered their change of opinion in a series of elections. The Higher School of Doctors and Graduates, from which candidates for the most important teaching posts in the country are drawn, returned an entirely Conservative majority in the election for their officers. In the same way the Conservatives have secured the Academia de Jurisprudencia, the Medical College and the Academy of Science. Local elections in the country reveal the same tendency. To take one example only, the town of Cuenca, but a few months ago the scene of extremist violences, returned all the six Conservative candidates who presented themselves for election, with the result that the municipality which had been entirely Socialist consists now of six Conservatives and one Socialist."

The Cost of the League

WE have recently been treated by the Press to photographs of an enormous erection on the shores of the Lake of Geneva yclept the Palace of the League of Nations. Why an institution so professedly democratic as the League should require to be housed in a palace at all is not quite clear, but that is a small point compared with the cost of the building, which is estimated at 35,000,000 gold francs, or £1,200,000 at par.

In view of the fact that no less than 26 per cent. of the cost of this enormous edifice is to be borne by Great Britain and the Dominions it is particularly interesting to note that the architects are French, Swiss, Italian, and German, and that the building contract has been given to an international group consisting of one Italian, two Swiss, and one French firm, who among themselves formed a syndicate. So far only one contract, of the value of £28,800, has been given to a British firm, and that is for the equipment and fittings of the library, the gift of Mr. Rockefeller. Trade may follow the flag, but it does not apparently follow the British taxpayer's money to Geneva.

In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the British proposal to reduce the League's expenditure should have met with such a frigid reception; indeed, it was supported by Germany and Panama alone. So long as this country is willing to go on paying at the rate of over a hundred thousand pounds a year without making any serious efforts to secure economy, so long will the extravagance at Geneva continue. In view of the refusal of the League to do anything in the matter the obvious course for the British Government to pursue is to announce a 10 per cent. cut in its own contribution for the forthcoming year. If he who pays the piper is not allowed to call the tune, it is at any rate within his power to reward the piper on a less munificent scale.

The League and Its Loans

FOR an excellent example of the policy of locking the stable door after the horse has gone commend me to the action of the Governor of the Bank of England in setting up a committee to protect the interest (in both senses of the word, one hopes) of the bondholders of the League of Nations loans issued on the London market. It is stated that the bonds in respect of which this committee is to have a watching brief amount to nearly £45,000,000, this figure representing the British portion of the League

loans. In view of the fact that £18,000,000 of this is estimated to have been already lost, the appointment of the committee would appear to have been made somewhat late in the day.

Furthermore, it would be interesting to know what steps Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir Otto Niemeyer, Sir Arthur Salter, and their colleagues propose to take to protect the interests of the bondholders in question. The League has signally failed to do anything at all in the matter, and it is not easy to see how the efforts of these estimable gentlemen are likely to be any more successful. However, there is said to be magic in a name, and it may be that the mere formation of this committee—" a strong team " is the verdict of the Press—will of itself inspire confidence, and in that event we may expect to see the Bulgarian 7 per cent. stock, which at the moment is quoted at 28, and the Greek 6 per cent., now at 22, soon regain par.

If, by any chance, Mr. Norman was thinking of the future when he appointed the committee he might have saved himself the trouble of doing so, for if there is anything certain in this world it is that henceforth the British investor will avoid like the plague any loan for Central European or Balkan States issued " under the auspices of the League of Nations."

Bolshevism in Chile

REVOLUTIONS are considered in this country to be such normal features of Latin American life that the full significance of the latest outbreak in Chile has not been appreciated. The plain fact, however, is that the Chilean revolution is definitely Bolshevist, and if by any unhappy chance it should prove even temporarily successful the danger of it spreading to the other Latin American States would be very great indeed.

Communism has a great attraction for the Indians of the West Coast both on practical and sentimental

grounds, for it was the system upon which the Inca Empire was based. Of late years, too, the economic condition of more than one of the republics has become desperate, and Bolshevism is the religion of the desperate. Already Mexico has been seriously infected, and the contagion is spreading South through Central America to Colombia, while in Peru the government is only making head against the Communists with the greatest difficulty. If Chile is to become another *point d'appui* of Bolshevism, then Latin America will be Red at both ends, and the situation will be one of the utmost gravity.

In view of the fact that British capital invested in Latin America amounts to approximately £1,500,000,000, and that our trade with that part of the world is about one-tenth of our total commerce, it is easy to see how seriously Great Britain would be affected by such a dislocation as even the temporary triumph of Bolshevism would occasion. Fortunately, the United States has investments there second only to our own in amount, and she is unlikely to allow her nationals to lose their money in the supine manner which British governments have allowed our fellow-countrymen to lose theirs in different countries since the war. Indeed, the spread of Communism in Latin America may yet prove to be the deciding factor in inducing the United States to realize that the civilized nations must hang together, or they will most assuredly hang separately. In the meantime, the outlook could hardly be worse.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[*Below will be found further extracts from the diary kept by Miss Agnes Fiddington.*]

May 20th.—Mr. Spence has sent me a cutting from the *Times*—a letter from a motorist pleading for courtesy and consideration from pedestrians. The writer of the letter describes how certain pedestrians, with traffic approaching from the opposite direction, held him up; and how they took no notice of his curses. The letter ends: "The elders should educate their younger generations to be gracious, polite and courteous." Mr. Spence underlined this part, and enclosed a dialogue which he said had taken place at the club between himself and a motorist. Here it is.

SPENCE: I suppose you always drive carefully?
MOTORIST: Yes, of course.
SPENCE: You never drive so fast that you can't stop quickly?
MOTORIST: No, of course not.
SPENCE: How quickly can you pull up?
MOTORIST: It depends. Speed, road-surface, brakes.
SPENCE: I suppose you test your brakes first thing before you go out, every time?
MOTORIST: Well, one learns from experience all about that. It isn't absolutely necessary to test them every time.
SPENCE: Do your brakes always work with the same efficiency?
MOTORIST: Well, of course, wet roads affect them. Skidding, you know, and all that.
SPENCE: So when it's wet, I suppose you go slower?
MOTORIST: I have to.
SPENCE: So you start sooner when it's wet?
MOTORIST: Well, one makes up for lost time somehow on the open bits of road.
SPENCE: Doesn't the car skid on open bits of road?

MOTORIST: That's my look-out, if the road is clear ahead.
SPENCE: And if it isn't?
MOTORIST: I hoot, of course.
SPENCE: Suppose you were to put on your brakes instead of hooting . . .
MOTORIST: There'd be a skid. Wet roads, you see.
SPENCE: Then that means you were going too fast?
MOTORIST: But, my dear man, on the open road——
SPENCE: It wasn't an open road. There was a pedestrian ahead. Couldn't you pull up?
MOTORIST: Waste of time. Damned pedestrians should keep their eyes open.
SPENCE: Couldn't you have started sooner?
MOTORIST: Look here, if you knew anything about motoring you wouldn't ask these damned silly questions. Try to look at it from a motorist's point of view.
SPENCE: I will—if you will try to look at it from a pedestrian's.

May 22nd.—We are hard at work preparing the first number of "Helter-Skelter," which ought to be ready by July, but we have been rather distracted by the big French Revolution Ball and Pageant, which Lady Lippincott-Tregrowris organized in aid of ex-soldiers who are out of work. She got forty-three people to serve on the Committee, and we hired a building as cheaply as we could, and engaged typists and clerks and secretaries. Expenses were heavier than we expected, as the dresses and costumes cost a lot, and most of the women on the Committee claimed for their champagne on the ground that it was doctor's orders. We got a well-known architect to construct a guillotine, and people flocked to the Pageant, and we sold all our tickets for the Ball. We made altogether £1,334 8s. 10d., so that when we had deducted £1,303 7s. 7d. for expenses, we were able to send a cheque for £31 1s. 3d. to the ex-soldiers. Then that old harridan, Lady Palker, sued us for damages,

just because she barked her shin against the platform of the guillotine. So we look like being out of pocket.

May 25th.—Mr. Spence came to see me to-day, and talked very gravely. "I don't know what you're doing to yourself," he said, "or what London is doing to you, but if you take my advice you'll go back to the country before it's too late. I think all these people you go about with are poison to you." I told him not to be ridiculous, and he shook his head solemnly. I think he's becoming senile. But I suppose age never understands youth. He even told me that it was vulgar to paint my ears. "In that case," I said, "all my friends are vulgarians." "They are, my dear," he replied.

May 26th.—Joan has got a business man to write us an article for "Helter-Skelter" on the wickedness of thrift among the poor at the present time. It appears that many people who have a little money saved are refusing to invest it, and are even buying land with it, "as though they were a lot of French peasants," as the writer says. I asked Mr. Spence what he thought of this, and he gave me a long tirade on the crimes of Big Business. He said if he had his way he would hang all the City Editors, who, having advised people to invest in unsound concerns, sneered at them when the crash came for not being more careful.

May 30th.—Joan has got hold of a very clever caricaturist, who draws all his faces in the shape of figures. His theory is that every face is really a numeral. It doesn't sound very sensible, but obviously art cannot live without experiments. We went to Bitchling the other day, and Melfort showed us over his place. He has the most marvellous collection of Balkan pottery, and in the room where the painting is done he burns incense. He sleeps on a triangular glass bed, with sheepskin pillows, dyed scarlet, and a yellow coverlet with pictures of Abyssinians embroidered on it. In an alcove is his bath, a large round one made of aluminium and studded with little brass nails in curious patterns. The light comes

from under the floor, and from the ceiling rows of pictures hang, like inn-signs, on short iron chains. His study is even more extraordinary, as it has an earth floor, no windows, and leather walls. He works at a large African drum instead of a desk, and smokes crushed herbs in a long, slender clay pipe. He has a smoking-jacket made entirely out of the dried skins of fish, and wooden sabots with high heels. There are no bells in the house. When he wants anything he blows a French cavalry bugle. Behind the house is a garden, in which all the flowers are made of wood, " to last longer," as he says. There is a tiny pond, with a model of a yacht on it. You press a mast, and a black cigarette comes up through the deck. He hardly ever goes out, but when he wanders round the garden he always puts on a Cossack hat and tunic and boots. He read some new poetry to us before we left. One poem consisted of the one word, " electric," repeated sixteen hundred times. But somehow one didn't laugh. He made it all seem so real and important.

June 2nd.—We have decided that, to be up to date, " Helter-Skelter " must have a questionnaire each week, with a form for people to fill up. The difficulty will be to decide on the subjects about which we are to ask questions. Mrs. Wood says that what people like is something that will give them a chance to parade their intimate thoughts and emotions. It gives them a feeling of importance. We thought of trying, as one question, " What do you really think of your parents? " Joan thinks we might get Sir William Beveridge to compile statistics from the answers sent in.

June 4th.—Yesterday we had a great surprise. A foreigner of some sort called at the office and left us a manuscript. He said it was a political article, and he would make no charge for it. It proved conclusively that Prussia has more right to Poland than Russia has. We had to get a post-war map, and then we discovered that Poland was marked as an independent country. We found out from an encyclopædia that it had been inde-

pendent long ago, so we decided to take advice before using the article.

June 5th.—I see that the B.B.C. is going to pay a number of Prussians who actually took part in the massacre at Dinant during the war to come over and broadcast their reminiscences of that occasion. Rather gruesome. But I suppose all that sort of thing makes for a better understanding. Incidentally, I wonder who Uncle Kokko is? His talks on the psychology of games are rather interesting. The other night we had Professor Schumm on Compulsory Sterilization of the Poor, Mr. Otto Trunk on the maligning of Kreuger, Mrs. Welcome on How to Hold a Tennis Racket, Mr. Leslie Clatter on Lausanne and After, and Bishop Mrs. Thompson on Doing One's Best. Something for every one.

June 7th.—There was an awkward scene at a house where I was dining the other night. The guests included a well-known tennis player who is rather sensitive, and a late arrival did not notice his presence. The conversation at first consisted of abuse of the people who had not been asked, which put the hostess in a good humour, and then shifted to tennis. The late arrival said, " I think far too much fuss is made about games in this country." Whereupon the tennis star turned very pale, rose from his chair, and left the room. The hostess followed him, and found him sobbing on the stairs. She had some strawberries and cream sent out to him, and promised never again to ask to her house the indiscreet bounder who had offended him. Nobody had the heart to talk much after that, and we all went home early.

June 8th.—Mr. Spence sends me another cutting—this time a question and answer in the House of Commons. The question, which was put by the member for some East Anglian constituency, was: *Is it or is it not a fact that there has been a suggestion made in certain quarters that Waterloo Bridge should be pulled down?* The reply was: *In so far as it is at present within the scope of possibility to give a more or less definite answer to such a*

question, other things being equal, it can be safely said that it has been brought to the notice of certain people that in certain quarters which need not at this moment be specifically mentioned by name or locality the suggestion has been, if not actually made, at any rate formulated, that certain works should be undertaken—whether of destruction or construction can be safely left to the experts, who are not in question here and now—in connection with the present structure of Waterloo Bridge, which does not necessarily mean that anybody is actually committed to anything.

June 10*th.*—Joan has had a letter from her brother—the one who has a job on the Commission appointed to take a census of Hungarians in Hidasnemeti. Apparently when they got there they found two other Commissions first in the field; one from the League of Nations, and one from the World Reform League. Yet others are expected from the International World Bureau, the International League of Unity, the World Peace Society, the Universal Union for World Peace, the League of World Unity, the Social Progress Board, the International World Congress, the Union of World Peace Societies, the Universal Peace Society, and the League of International Sociological Unity and Peace. A large hotel is being built to house them all, but Joan's brother is going to keep in touch from Paris.

June 13*th.*—Lady Lippincott-Tregrowris is getting Mr. Galsworthy to read a story about the Forsytes at Lords, in aid of the Home for Hunted Otters. She has lent her drawing-room for the occasion, and after the reading, lantern-slides of an otter-hunt are to be shown.

June 14*th.*—An urgent note from Bitchling, telling us that Melfont cannot decipher the article on bee-keeping. Joan, who was in one of her light-hearted moods, told him to just guess the words. "If it doesn't make sense," she said, "we'll say it was meant to be funny."

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

Literary Notes	*By Herbert Agar*
European Unity	*By H. A. L. Fisher*
Fiction and the Public	*By Eric Partridge*
Books Recommended :	
Intractable Humanity	*By Eleanor Chilton*
One Too Many	*By J. D. Gregory*
Beasts and Bolsheviks	*By Francis Toye*
A Corrective to Whiggish History	*By Herbert Agar*
Biography of a Blackguard	*By Frederick Heath*
Nine Martyr Monks	*By Lord Iddesleigh*

Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Spenglerian Fury

DR. OSWALD SPENGLER has an unfortunate manner. He writes like an angry professor lecturing a class of idiot boys. And if a boy is so rash as to ask a question—even a quite intelligent question—the storm of sarcasm that follows is sure to silence him, though not so sure to convince. With a scream of italics and exclamation marks, Dr. Spengler falls upon the fool who hints that mankind might escape the gathering doom. As if driven to expiate some enormous guilt, he offers the whole Western world as a sacrifice to Fate, and there are no words too impolite for the victim who demurs. This is what *has* to be ! History cannot be interfered with ! Bare your throats and *don't argue !*

The Doom of Civilizations

IN spite of his rudeness, however, Dr. Spengler has a thesis that the modern world dare not ignore. In " The Decline of the West " he applied it to the whole

of history, showing how each of the great civilizations—though possessed of its individual characteristic spirit—followed the same pattern of growth, fruition and decay. The reason for this pattern is that there exists a conflict between man's fundamental feeling for life—his religious instinct—and his conscious, ratiocinative mind. For a long period, after the first dawning of a new culture over the world of "the timeless village and the eternal peasant," this conflict is suppressed; consciousness serves the deep instinct instead of fighting it, and the culture flowers in art, religion, practical achievement, and a zest for life. But this fruitful tension between instinct and intellect never endures. Instinct weakens; the religious basis of the culture decays; the practical, self-confident intellect pushes forward to new, astonishing successes. At that moment the great world-city is born—"vast, splendid, spreading in insolence, it draws within itself the being-streams of the now impotent country-side. . . . Here money and intellect celebrate their last and their greatest triumphs." The coming of the Cosmopolis marks the beginning of the end; for with the drying up of the life-force, of the springs of religion, the intellect turns upon itself and asks what all this means. And the answer is "nothing." The rootless intellect means nothing, leads nowhere, and cannot even sustain the will to struggle. At the highest point of the civilization's physical achievement, this annihilating doubt strikes it, and it falls. "High history . . . lays itself down weary to sleep. Man becomes a plant again, adhering to the soil, dumb and enduring. . . . In the midst of the land lie the old-world cities, empty receptacles of an extinguished soul, in which a historyless mankind slowly nests itself. Men live from hand to mouth, with petty thrifts and petty fortunes, and endure."

The Victor Belongs to the Spoils

IN his new book, "Man and Technics" (Allen and Unwin), Dr. Spengler returns to this genial tale. Trans-

lated by Mr. Charles Francis Atkinson with the same precision and strength that he lavished on " The Decline of the West," " Man and Technics " is an essay on the history of man from his origins. It is only a brief extract from a book on which Dr. Spengler is working, and contributes nothing new to his thesis. It is less convincing than the previous books, until Dr. Spengler comes to describing the present decline; then all his power returns. " The lord of the World is becoming the slave of the Machine, which is forcing him . . . to follow its course. The victor, crashed, is dragged to death by the team. . . . A weariness is spreading, a sort of pacifism of the battle with Nature." And then comes the old insistence on despair: " Time does not suffer itself to be halted; there is no question of prudent retreat or wise renunciation. Only dreamers believe that there is a way out. Optimism is *cowardice*. . . . Our duty is to hold on to the last position without hope, without rescue. . . . The honourable end is the one thing that can *not* be taken from a man."

Warning or Verdict ?

THE last two sentences present even an idiot child with a chance to argue. For the point of Dr. Spengler's thesis is that man is dominated by Fate, that there is no loophole for free will or purpose. But in that case, where does a sense of duty enter? Or a sense of honour? Those two refreshing words change Dr. Spengler's whole implacable structure; they make it a theory of history instead of a hangman's summons; for whoever has obligations has also choice.

Taken as a warning, the Spenglerian thesis has great value. It tells us that we have reached the decisive moment in Western history, and it points out what must be done if we are to avoid destruction: the tyranny of the self-destroying intellect must be resisted; encouraged by the fact that none of us can elude the unreasonable concepts of duty and honour, we must rebuild belief in

God to take the place of the desolating belief in Destiny. And there is only one God for the Western world. Each civilization has its own spirit, its own inner meaning. Driven by a despairing need of faith, many Westerners are turning to the religions of alien worlds. Like the Romans who brought Isis and Ariman to the Tiber, they seek Buddhist monasteries or follow Hindoo saints, arriving only at a shallow Alexandrianism of the spirit. For the West it is Christianity or decline.

Christianity and Professor Macmurray

CHRISTIANITY, of course, may be interpreted in several ways. Of all possible ways, the worst is that put forward by Professor John Macmurray in "Freedom in the Modern World" (Faber and Faber)—a collection of broadcast talks on philosophy. Realizing, quite as clearly as Dr. Spengler, the uselessness of science for any but practical purposes, Professor Macmurray is seeking a religious basis for life. What he finds is an interesting version of modern thought, which he chooses to call Christian. To do this, he has to declare that "Europe has never been Christian, least of all in the so-called Age of Faith." It would, however, be a needless inconvenience to rewrite the history of Europe, reserving the word "Christian" for Professor Macmurray's private cult; the word "pagan" is quite adequate to describe it.

The Flight from Order

PROFESSOR MACMURRAY recognizes the "disunity between thought and feeling" in the modern world, and would solve the problem by dispensing with thought altogether, as a guide to conduct, and trusting to the integrity of feeling. "We are inclined to think of feeling," he admits, "as something . . . in need of the bridle and the whip. I am convinced that this is a mistake. It is in the hands of feeling, not of thought, that the government of life should rest. And in this I have the teaching of the founder of Christianity on my side. . . . Feeling is not blind and chaotic and dis-

orderly, demanding to be controlled and ordered by reason. It has its own principle of order in itself, and will control and guide itself if it is given the chance." But how, we may ask, is it to be given the chance—for Professor Macmurray is nowhere so foolish as to suggest that feeling, on the mere withdrawal of intellectual restraint, will become disciplined and lovely. How, then, is it to be given the chance " to control and guide itself " ? On this, the major problem for his thought, Professor Macmurray is silent. " What we have to do," he writes, " is to wait and be quiet; to stop our feverish efforts to do something; to cease our fruitless attempt to save ourselves. . . . We must wait for the new thing to be born in us; for the new light to be manifested to us. Even to look is useless, for our eyes are blinded." In other words, the modern mind, fleeing from the nihilistic intellect, takes refuge in a sterile quietism. But Dr. Spengler has shown us a picture of what will happen if we " wait and be quiet," if we " cease our fruitless attempt to save ourselves." This is what Rome did, and Egypt before her. No new creed, no oriental wisdom, will save us. There is one way only in which the instinct and the intellect of the West can co-operate—and that is within the forms of Christianity. If those forms are dead, Europe is done for, and whoever cares can read her future history in " The Decline of the West."

European Unity

By H. A. L. Fisher

THE MAKING OF EUROPE. By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON. London. (Sheed and Ward. 15s.)

THE volume which Mr. Christopher Dawson has just published on the " Making of Europe " must be sharply distinguished from the voluminous literature of competent historical summaries to which we are now, thanks to the academic study of history and the multiplication of universities, so thoroughly habituated. Mr. Dawson is a

real historian. We have seldom read a book by a young writer so remarkable by reason of its combination of unusual learning with a firm grasp of general lines and principles, and a freshness and independence of judgment. What is also much to be praised is that although Mr. Dawson is a Roman Catholic, who quite rightly makes no concealment of his religious standpoint, he advances nothing from which even the most protestant historian, who knows his facts, need recoil. On the contrary, Mr. Dawson is assisted in his task of appreciating the civilization of the Dark Ages by his strong sympathy with the institution of monasticism, and by his obvious interest in the theological speculations not only of the Latin, but of the Greek and Syrian churches during the centuries upon which he has undertaken to comment.

The thesis of this able book is that the ultimate foundation of our culture is not the national state but European unity, that Europe is a real society, and that it is only through their communion in that society that different national cultures have attained their present form. To explore the foundations of European unity, to analyse European civilization into its elements, and to see how through their action and interaction the civilization of Europe has acquired a definite shape is therefore a task of great importance; the more so since most histories have been written from a nationalist standpoint, and since "the vices and errors of nationalism have corrupted the whole international life of modern Europe." Mr. Dawson is impressed by the shocking consequences of modern nationalism as illustrated by the Great War. "If our civilization is to survive it should develop a common European consciousness, and a sense of its historic and organic unity." To educate that sense is the object which Mr. Dawson has in view in writing this book. "A common European consciousness?" It has never existed. The unity of Europe is not, as Mr. Dawson well observes, "the foundation and starting-point of European history, but the ultimate

and unattained goal, towards which it has striven for more than a thousand years."

What Mr. Dawson has done is to show with great ability how composite a thing European civilization is and how much the different peoples of Europe owe to one another. With the doubtful exception of Icelandic literature, doubtful because Irish influence has been, and may be, suspected, no considerable European culture has developed in isolation. Monophysite teaching prepared the way for the triumph of the Koran. The Arabian literature of the Abbasid period was not really Arabian, but cosmopolitan, owing much to Christian writers and profoundly influenced by Persians, Spaniards, Berbers, as well as by obscure currents of thought and feeling which survived from the ancient civilizations of Mesopotamia. Even the Vikings of Southern Norway appear to have been influenced by the culture of Northern Germany.

Next to the Roman Empire and transcending it in duration the Christian Church has proved to be the strongest unifying influence in Europe. The chapters in which Mr. Dawson has occasion to touch upon the specific contributions of the Greek and Latin churches are full of interesting observations and recondite learning. The schism was fatal. That it was due rather to political than to religious causes is probable enough. The Greeks, who might have tolerated Rome, hated and despised the Francs and their ritual, and the feeling was reciprocated. From these racial passions sprang the great political tragedy of the Middle Ages, the betrayal of the Fourth Crusade. Even when confronted with the Moslem menace Europe was unable to hold together.

Plato somewhere says that family pride is due to an inability to count. If people could only count their ancestors they would discover thieves, adulterers, assassins, and other criminals in numbers sufficient to induce a sense of humility. One moral of Mr. Dawson's book is that no nation has a culture which it can call its own.

Fiction and the Public*

By Eric Partridge

THE attitude of the public to fiction is, in the material sense, more important than that of either the reviewers or the authors. The reviewers have to do their best with the unceasing flow of new novels. It is only natural that, if they have a pile from which to choose, they take a book mainly for one of four reasons: they know the author's name, as either author or friend; they respect or perhaps admire the publisher; they are attracted by the title—or even by the jacket; they tend, especially if they want just one more novel, to pick up whatever lies nearest to hand. That is human nature; nor will the virtuous rage with fury if only they remember that the very number of books is the greatest of all influences operating against good work, especially if it is good work by an unknown or hardly-known author. My own impression is that the better reviewers honestly do their utmost; that they rejoice when they come on good work, whosesoever it is; but it is certain that reviewers would stand in higher repute if it were not for the well-known fact that several publishers' readers are

* Arising from *Fiction and the Reading Public*, by Mrs. R. D. Leavis. Published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, at 12s. 6d. net, this is a serious piece of research by a penetrating mind. The practical part is most efficient, but in the theoretical the author is a thought *too* highbrow. She exaggerates the very real, indeed the remarkable, merits of D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, E. M. Forster, T. S. Eliot and T. F. Powys at the expense of the different, rather more accessible merits of Shaw, Kipling, Galsworthy, Walpole, and, indeed, of such past masters of fiction as Dickens. She is under the influence of the brilliant and subtle, but extremely specious, I. A. Richards, who is, indeed, interesting when dealing with the intellect, but sadly at sea in treating either of the emotions or of personalities less rarefied than his own. While deploring many trends in journalism, she does not, though mentioning *The Manchester Guardian*, refer to *The Times* nor to *The Daily Telegraph*; her criticism of *John o' London* is unjust and ill-informed; she makes no adequate differentiation between the various literary weeklies, which do try to maintain a genuine and impartial criticism. But she is courageous.

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not above reviewing *consistently* the books that they have "read." It is only natural that they pick out what they already know, what (if their memory is good) they do not have to read at all—but it is a pity.

Authors are turning more and more to the novel for the reason that there is more money to be made there than elsewhere; they forget that it is only one author in forty who makes an adequate living from novel-writing. Authors assume that if they can write at all they can write a good novel; that assumption is on the face of it wrong, while, in practice, it is known by every publisher to be ludicrous. Then, too, the public is blandly told that anyone can write; but what they write is usually rot or, on a higher and distressingly overcrowded level, irremediable mediocrity. The schools of authorship and journalism are largely at fault; the Press causes literary castles in Spain to be built whenever it speaks of a best seller; and human nature longs for the extraordinarily over-rated privilege, the pathetically over-valued honour, of appearing in print. As the novel is the easiest thing to write—at a certain (very low) level—it is to the novel that every aspirant hopefully turns. The public has brought on itself the overwhelming spate of novels; for this the sole remedy is that every publisher should raise his standard by (an average) 50 per cent. The results of such concerted good sense are too obvious to require particularizing further than to say that the public would then be obliged to read better work; only good, or at the least tolerably good, work would be advertised; the quantitative task of the reviewers would be reduced to (say) one-sixth; the publishers would not, as they persistently do at present, stifle one book by another following too rapidly; and the authors that could not, i.e., did not deserve to, get published would be forced to return to a job commensurate with their abilities.

The extent and the diffusion of reading are to be considered. Nearly everyone reads the newspapers; I

would say that, at the most, half of these* read books; of those who read books at all, about four-fifths read fiction. Moreover, of the book-readers, a large number read only occasionally (not more, say, than twelve books a year). It is easy to exaggerate the size of the potential public for any given book, as one can learn from an analysis of the sales of the great best-sellers—Charles Garvice, Nat Gould, Edgar Wallace; E. M. Hull, E. M. Dell, "Sapper," Oppenheim; Hall Caine, Florence Barclay, Gene Stratton Porter; Margaret Kennedy, Rider Haggard; on a higher level, R. L. Stevenson, Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy; on a highbrow level, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf. From such a list it is seen that best-sellers, except for rare instances like Shaw, Jeans, Lytton Strachey, are novelists. The highest figures are reached by the worst writers. But lest this fact cause undue pessimism, it is only fair to note that creative work, whether poetry, drama, short story, or novel, is notoriously difficult to judge; perspective is necessary. Obviously, too, the less intelligent writing is that which appeals to the big public; it is useless to blink the fact that the intelligent public, or rather such part of it as is interested in books, is much smaller than is generally supposed. But it would be snobbish to ignore the lowbrow public and folly to ignore the middlebrow public.

It is for the middlebrows that the Book Society caters. It is exquisitely modulated to their needs. It may safely be said that the Book Society would be a boon to the lowbrows if the lowbrows would only consent so far to improve their taste; for the middlebrows, it is no bad thing; for highbrows and for those genuinely intelligent persons who are not highbrows, it is unnecessary. This third class of reader may resent the Book Society as an impertinence, but resentment is beside the point; no one is forced to join the Book Society. And for all save

* For practical purposes we may ignore those rare persons who read books, but refuse to look at a newspaper.

this third class the Book Society is, on the whole, beneficial, for it does ensure that adequate attention be paid to books that, for one reason or another, are worth reading—though not always worth keeping. Booksellers complain that the Society gets books more cheaply than they do. A fair complaint. But they have the remedy in their own hands: they can form a book society of their own. This possibility was mooted, but, like publishers, booksellers rarely agree among themselves. While it is clear that the present Book Society cannot make quality the supreme test without losing many, probably most, of their members, it is also clear that the highbrows, whether very intelligent or very exclusive, could form a book club of their own, provided they were satisfied with a membership of several thousand.

But unfortunately there is a vicious circle; the great public likes inferior work and thus creates best-sellers that are inferior; the attention paid to these proportionately diverts attention from good work, which very rarely receives its due meed unless some extraneous circumstance brings it into the limelight.

The result of all this is that highbrow novels, whose public is necessarily small, have difficulty in getting read, even by their fit public, for their potential sale is far too small to admit of extensive advertising. The general reading public "is no longer in touch with the best literature" of either to-day or the past. Owing, largely, to the enormous increase in the amount of fiction, especially of bad fiction, and to the competition of other interests, the great public will not spare the time, even if it has the inclination, to read good work with the necessary attention and the necessary leisure. But, after all, it is known that "in any period it is upon a very small minority that the discerning appreciation of art and literature depends; it is only a few who are capable of unprompted first-hand judgment."* It is this minority which determines what is literature; what, in short, survives and shall survive.

* F. R. Leavis: *Mass Civilization and Minority Culture*, 1930.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS.

THE DESTINY OF EUROPE. F. MCEACHRAN. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)

JOHN CLARE. J. W. AND ANNE TIBBLE. (Cobden-Sanderson. 21s.)

THE STATES OF EUROPE. R. B. MOWAT. (Arnold. 18s.)

EMOTIONAL CURRENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. J. H. DENISON. (Scribner. 10s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN REDMOND. DINES GWYNNE. (Harrap. 25s.)

MY DIARY, 1888–1914. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Secker. 12s. 6d.)

THE GROWTH OF POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE WEST. C. H. MCILWAIN (Macmillan. 16s.)

AKBAR. LAURENCE BINYON. (Peter Davies. 5s.)

THE JOURNALS OF ARNOLD BENNETT, Vol. I, 1896–1910. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

LAUGHING TORSO. NINA HAMNETT. (Constable. 15s.)

POST UNDER SATURN. MARCEL COULON. (Toulmin. 10s. 6d.)

THE MAGNIFICENT COMEDY. MEADE MINNIGERODE. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.)

CRITICISM.

THE ENGLISH POETIC MIND. CHARLES WILLIAMS. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

CLASSIC AMERICANS. HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

FICTION.

FARAWAY. J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

THE LADY OF THE BOAT, Vol. I. Being the Fifth Part of the Tale of the Genii. By LADY MURASAKI. Translated from the Japanese by ARTHUR WALEY. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

LITTLE RED HORSES. G. B. STERN. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

BUT WISDOM LINGERS. BEATRIX LEHMANN. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

VERSE.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, and other Poems. By JAMES THOMSON. With an introduction by EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Methuen. 5s.)

POEMS. A. ABRAHAMS. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

BEFORE THE FACT. FRANCIS ILES. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

DEAD MEN AT THE FOLLY. JOHN RHODE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Intractable Humanity

ENGLISH COMEDY. JOHN C. MOORE. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)
THEY WINTER ABROAD. JAMES ASTON. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)
SALE BY AUCTION. GEOFFREY DENNIS. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
CULMINATION. JOHN FURNILL. (Elkin, Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.)

ONE of the oldest plots of romantic fiction is that of the knight who, on some necessarily flimsy pretext, must undertake a series of adventures before he can win the hand of his lady. It is always a popular plot, for the adventures, needing no consistency with each other beyond that of happening to the same person, can be richly and wildly devised to the limits of the author's imagination. In "English Comedy" John Senlac is such a knight of romance, not very convincingly modernized in the guise of a clerk who inherits a competency, and is thereupon sent out to see the world by the girl he loves, the pretext in this case being that she wants to forestall the perils of dull domesticity. John falls in with an American who is also seeking adventure, and together they wander over England, meeting strange people and having pleasant though hardly perilous experiences.

The book is badly titled, not because "English Comedy" sounds like a treatise, but because the story is not comic enough to justify the label. The least funny thing in the world is the bare statement that something or other is funny, and Mr. Moore's two protagonists are constantly experiencing a rich, gusty mirth, the cause of which is not apparent to the reader. One could smile now and then at their adventures, if one were not constantly listening to their unaccountable and wild laughter.

The book has nevertheless all the earmarks of a best seller, in that it is an idealization of the kind of people and places familiar to the average man. The public loves to see itself romantically portrayed, and for this reason the public will probably not fall with any enthusiasm upon Mr. James Aston's "They Winter Abroad." Mr. Aston, whoever he is, has the rare gift of creating uncomfortably real people, without having the complementary gift of using his creations to subserve an idea. His story is dramatic, in that the characters move themselves in and out of painful situations. It is extremely amusing, because some of the painful situations are also ridiculous and Mr. Aston has an unusual wit. But the effect of the book is analogous to that of an unpleasant personal experience. One wishes it had never happened. This is a great tribute to the reality of the book, but the privilege of fiction is not to repeat

the humiliating meaninglessness of a real episode, but to illuminate reality with some meaning. There is no meaning in "They Winter Abroad." There is only an illustration of the fact that people are unaccountably odd, and that life as it "happens," as opposed to life as it is interpreted, is a frustration of human hopes and pretensions.

"Sale by Auction" is a phantasy. It bears no relation to anything except itself, and it moves outside any reality save that of Mr. Dennis' unique imagination. Those who enjoyed "The End of the World" will find here a story which tempers the majestic doom of that prophecy, for the drama of the Red House is enacted not in the world as we know it, but in some curious and timeless sphere before the world began or after the world shall have ended.

"English Comedy" attempts to show that the world, and especially that part of it known as England, is a splendid place because "people can still laugh." "They Winter Abroad" presents a miserable world and by its very reality obscures, for the time being, the reader's knowledge that humanity is capable of glorious achievement.

In "Culmination," which is primarily a literary curiosity, Mr. Furnill attacks with crude gusto every problem which vexes the modern mind. He fails to solve the problems he defines, not from timidity or personal doubt, but because he is faced in the end with the same fact which oppresses Mr. Aston, the fact that human nature is intractable material for the idealist.

"Culmination" tells the story of a wonderful invention, the ether bridge, which makes the world of the spirit accessible to the human mind. Over this glorified radio comes a complete interpretation of the universe, with advice from the rulers of that universe as to how the present world crisis can be solved. The forces of Good and Bad are ingeniously used to make an exciting conflict, with the future of humanity at stake, and if Mr. Furnill had listened to his publishers' advice (quoted in the text) and omitted the "philosophy" with which the book is packed, he would have written a good story. As it is, his philosophy consists only of rationalizations, and like all attempts to rationalize religion the result is so disappointingly trivial that the cosmic outlines of the story are more embarrassing than impressive.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

One Too Many

PRINCE VON BÜLOW. MEMOIRS 1909–1919. (Putnam. 30s.).

"Oh, for the glorious Bülow years!" chanted the poet Adolf Wilbrandt in 1910. Prince Bülow, whatever concrete contributions, good or bad, he may have made to history, was determined at all costs not to perish without letting posterity know what an exceedingly fine fellow he was. Few autobiographies can contain so prolonged a pæan of self-praise; and Prince Bülow's conclude with such a plethora of testimonials that it is difficult to understand how it was that, in the political dearth of public servants in modern Germany, he did not "get another place."

In this third volume the Prince appears solely as a critic, save for his brief replacement of Flotow at the German Embassy in Rome during the five months preceding Italy's entry into the war; and there, as propaganda agent, supplied with large sums of money (a fact which he omits to mention), with the Trentino more or less in his pocket, he was as ineffective in his purpose as he was clumsy in his methods. He had entirely failed to comprehend the idealistic urge in Italian interventionism. There is consequently, in his review of this period, 1909–1919, less scope for mendacity than in the previous account of his Chancellorship. His attacks on Bethmann-Hollweg and Jagow, and on the political conduct of the war by the German authorities, contain a large measure of truth, though his narrative will add little to the stock of modern war historians. The German inferiority complex, shown in his traditional admiration of certain French qualities (especially in military misfortune) to the detriment of the German, is instructive. As before, his estimate of the miserable William II is valuable, and his description of the motives leading to the flight of the All-Highest to Holland is, perhaps, the most illuminating chapter in the book.

To those of us who still brood over war guilt, Bülow supplies vivid pictures, but little light. It still remains incredible how so-called German statesmen, however ponderous, however blind, could allow themselves to drift in the tow of the Austrian criminals, arch-fiends like Berchtold, ancient degenerates like Francis Joseph, unless they were really anxious for war. In any case, *carte blanche* to such a gang was in itself a sin crying to heaven for vengeance. Bülow joins in the chorus of accusers.

It is pleasanter to turn to the descriptions and some of the

The Magnificent Comedy

By MEADE MINNIGERODE (12/6)

This book deals in an entirely original way with that fascinating period of French history from the fall of Robespierre to the coming of Bonaparte.

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EVENING NEWS

A Brilliant Biography.

FATHER TYRRELL

By J. LEWIS MAY
(Author of "Cardinal Newman") (10/6)

"This book will be accepted as the final estimate of a brilliant but unhappy spirit who broke himself on the spinning wheel of life."
A. WYATT TILBY

"An entirely charming book . . . admirable. Sincerity and sensitiveness."
OBSERVER

"We warmly congratulate this gifted author upon his book. Clearly written and extremely readable."
CATHOLIC TIMES

"An extraordinary book. The presentation of the man and his achievements is masterly."
NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

portraits with which the work abounds. In the previous volumes it was rare to discover a character relatively free from blemish. Nor on this occasion is Bülow's ill-natured comment on his contemporaries sensibly diminished. But there are, once again, several honourable exceptions to his bitterness, particularly where Italians are concerned; and the sketches of Count Greppi, who lived to be 103, and Count Morra, devoted servant of the House of Savoy, prove that Bülow, though it always seemed to have surprised him, did not find the world entirely devoid of just men. He is, however, at his best when he describes the historical associations of the places where it was his lot to dwell, and among these the description of the Villa Malta is both interesting and attractive. His classical taste was his good attribute; and had he cultivated his æsthetic, and not his political, sense, his country and the world at large would have benefited.

In one of the numerous panegyrics on himself and his family, the Prince relates how, when, as a youth, his diplomatic career was under discussion, his father had asked Bismarck whether four Bülows would not be too many in the service; to which Bismarck had answered: "We cannot have too many of them." Amid the ruins of his creation, the Iron Chancellor would have had to revise many verdicts; but it is not unreasonable to conjecture that, if questioned to-day about the Bülow family, his answer would be very different. It would surely be: "We have had one too many."

J. D. GREGORY.

Beasts and Bolsheviks

HUNTED THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA. By P. S. NAZAROFF. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)

SOMEWHERE in this book the author writes that he had the impression of having passed the years described as in a kind of dream; and many of his readers will share the same feeling. Most of us, I think, find difficulty in realizing that events in Russia are real events at all; the psychology of the people is so alien, their motives so incomprehensible.

Moreover, the extraordinary tale of adventure recounted by Mr. Nazaroff does not take place even in the Russia with which we are comparatively familiar. The scene is laid in Russian Turkestan, a portion of the world which most of us, if we were completely honest with ourselves, would find some difficulty in

placing on the map. The remoteness of the locale, the strangeness of the customs of the Kirghiz and other Russian Mohammedan tribes among whom the author lived give a further impression of unreality to his story.

Yet in fact the main charm of this story lies in the precise nature of the observations which the author, even in the midst of the most terrifying perils, never forgot to record. The title of the book is justified by the fact that the Bolsheviks were continually searching for the author to the very end; but after he has, in the first few chapters, fortunately escaped from their clutches, they appear but little except as casual subjects for his hatred, ridicule and, above all, contempt.

The main concern of his book in reality is with the description of the animal, mineral, and vegetable wealth of Turkestan. Minerals are rarely exciting; but I found his account of the animals, plants and flowers which he met with in the almost unknown mountains where he hid for some two years absolutely fascinating. The imperturbable spirit of the man is shown by the meticulous care with which he describes all these. He even suggests the flowers that might be suitable for transportation to European gardens. The book has little or no pretension to literary merit, but may be unreservedly recommended to those who love a brave man, a well-nigh incredible story of adventure and a first-hand account of every kind of natural phenomenon in one of the least known parts of the world. FRANCIS TOYE.

A Corrective to Whiggish History

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS. Founders of British Canada. By A. G. BRADLEY. (Butterworth. 15s.)

AMONG the absurd products of Whig historiography, the traditional story of the origin of the American War of Independence deserves to rank high. Eager to discredit George III and his Tory friends, the Whigs wove a romance of wicked oppression faced by a noble love of freedom. Oddly enough, it was American historians who disposed of this pretty tale, doing belated justice to the intentions of the British Government between 1763 and the outbreak of the war.

Mr. Bradley is well acquainted with the recent work in this field. He has given an arresting account of the founding of British Canada by the Loyalists who were dispossessed in the War of Independence, and of the saving of Canada (by the leadership and imperial patriotism of these same Loyalists) in the War of 1812. Mr. Bradley lays special emphasis on two important facts of which few Englishmen are aware: first, that the Loyalists (i.e. the American colonists who were opposed to independence) comprised a majority of the upper classes, and probably half the total population, in every colony except Virginia—from which it follows that the War of Independence was not the uprising of an indignant people and that it could never have been won except for the slackness and stupidity of the English generals; and second, that the War of 1812, fought ostensibly for the protection of the American merchant marine, was really created by American frontiersmen who hoped to suppress the Indians under British protection, to corner the fur trade, and to acquire the farming lands of Canada. Representatives in Congress of the mercantile and financial interests voted solidly against the war; representatives of the agricultural frontier voted solidly for it; yet, to this day, it is popularly accepted as a war for the " freedom of the seas."

As Mr. Bradley shows, the scheme to annex Canada would have succeeded (since England was busy with Napoleon) had it not been for the heroic efforts of the Loyalists who had settled in Canada after being driven from their homes in the United States. The story of this resistance was well worth telling, and Mr. Bradley's good and valuable book has received less attention than it deserves.

Although right on all the larger issues, Mr. Bradley is strangely inaccurate on some minor points. For example: the Jay Treaty was made in 1794, not 1806 (p. 189); Jefferson was not one of the men who framed the American Constitution (p. 193); Jackson was not the " next president " after the War of 1812 (p. 266), for Monroe and J. Q. Adams preceded him.

HERBERT AGAR.

Biography of a Blackguard

FRANK HARRIS. By HUGH KINGSMILL. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is an extremely well-written book, full of shrewd observations and illumined by flashes of real wit. But it is an incomplete biography and cannot be accepted as the last word on Frank Harris. Mr. Kingsmill has given a most vivid picture of one of the most contradictory characters who ever succeeded in becoming famous and infamous at the expense of the people he met. His career as a literary journalist, editing the "Fortnightly Review" and "Saturday Review," was both brilliant and exciting, and no editor of a literary periodical ever gathered round him such a brilliant band of contributors. What was the secret of the personality of a man like Harris, who was able to do this at a time when literary London was much more genuinely literary than it is to-day? Mr. Kingsmill fails to reveal the secret of the personality—the most important fact about this adventurer without character, blackguard, liar, amorist, blackmailer, pornographic autobiographist and biographer of Bernard Shaw. That Harris had a remarkable personality is obvious, otherwise he could not have deceived so many clever people, including Mr. Kingsmill, who worked with Harris for a time on "Hearth and Home." Mr. Kingsmill has been so busy in producing a portrait of a blackguard, and allowing his own violent antipathy to Harris to obtrude excessively, that he has forgotten to explain the personality of the man. This is the definite weakness of an otherwise excellent book. But Mr. Kingsmill would probably say that it is impossible for any biographer to fully depict the great liars of the world, of whom Harris was undoubtedly one, and to Mr. Kingsmill, Harris's autobiography was not very helpful, for he regards it as full of lies—the work of an old man suffering from loss of memory, dramatizing himself. But this disgusting and extraordinarily revealing autobiography, "Memoirs of My Life and Loves" (which is not on sale in this country) also contains much that is true about Harris. While Mr. Kingsmill makes great play with the autobiography in the early part of his book, he is too prejudiced against Harris to make adequate use of it. This portrait of a blackguard is not complete; but it is probably the best we shall ever get. No one else is ever likely to write another life of Harris, for both the man and his work will soon be entirely forgotten.

FREDERICK HEATH.

NINE MARTYR MONKS. DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. 15s.)

DOM BEDE CAMM is already famous for his researches into the lives of the Catholic English Martyrs. This book, written with equal zeal, devotion and scholarship, is a particularly valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

For ten Englishmen who magnify the names of Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh you will scarce find one to praise Barkwith, Gervase and Roberts. Yet these Benedictine monks, with their Jesuit, Franciscan and secular comrades of the English Mission showed a stronger zeal and a higher courage; to sail westward to the Spanish Main was less hazardous than to cross the channel from Douai to England. To be a seminary Priest, to receive a penitent into the Catholic Church, to comfort the Catholic remnant with the sacraments of the Church was "high treason," and entailed all the obscene brutalities of the gallows and the quartering block. Each monk sailed in a true quest of death; a second Regulus

Atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet.

The partisanship of the Whig historians has too long withheld from these heroic souls the tribute of their countrymen's respect.

IDDESLEIGH.